MEET BILL CLINTON'S WORST APPOINTMENT

MEDICINE'S NEW GOD SQUAD—RUTH SHALIT

APRIL 28, 1997 • $2.95

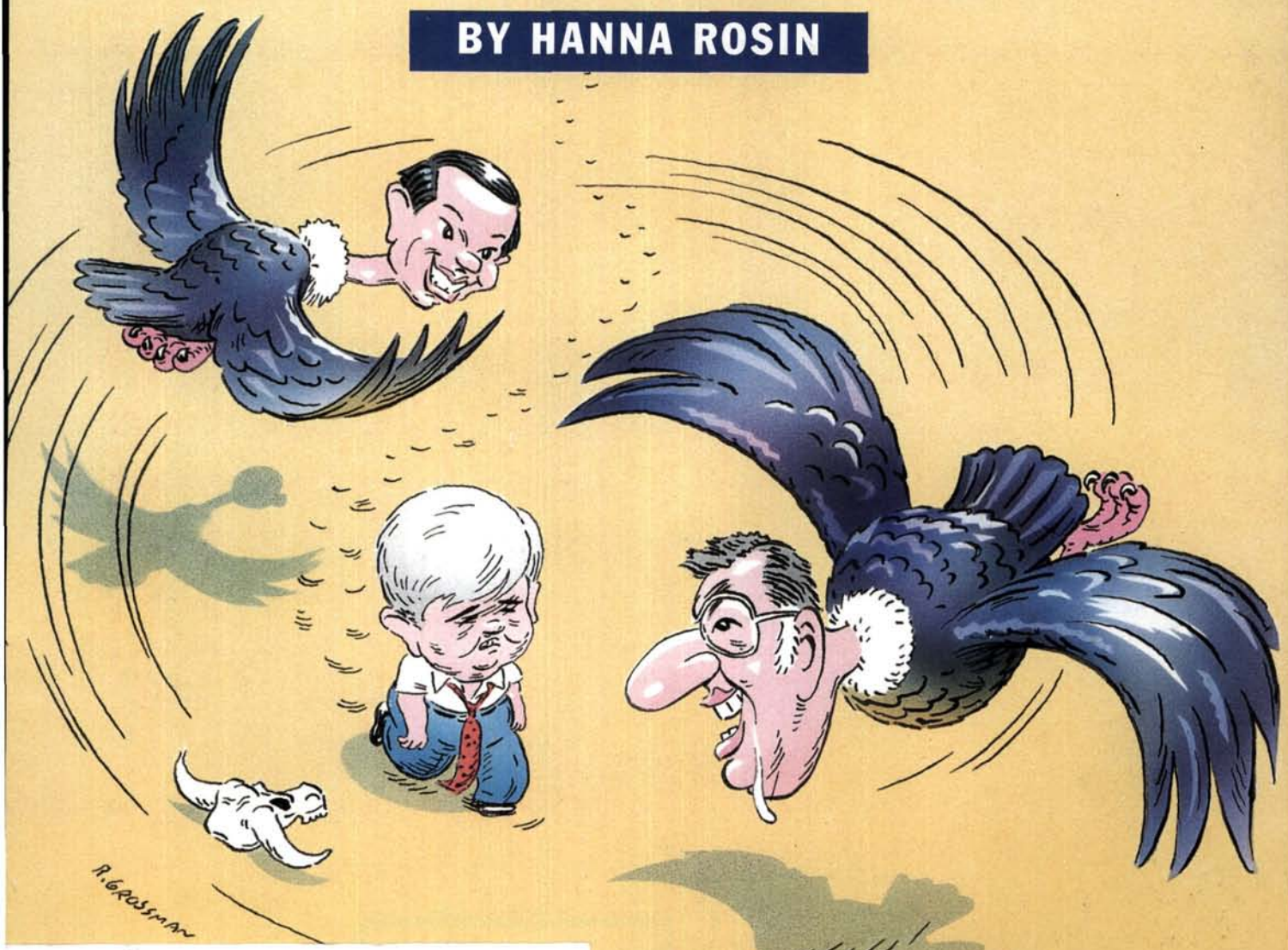
THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Young T. S. Eliot—Richard Poirier • Whose Jerusalem?—Daniel Pipes

The Men Who Would Be Newt

The GOP has one little problem with getting rid of Speaker Gingrich. His potential successors are even scarier than he is.

BY HANNA ROSIN



********** ***** 5-DIGIT 94301
943010ZZ555BY004 634
IJ NWRE 437 S00794
RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704
0 "787445" 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELPING THE HELPERS

D.C. CENTRAL KITCHEN

Providing food to nourish the body

In Washington, D.C., surplus food doesn't go to waste. Perfectly good leftover food from caterers, restaurants and hotels goes to the needy, thanks to an inspiring group of people. D.C. Central Kitchen is a program that feeds the hungry and nourishes the soul by training homeless people for real jobs in the food-service industry. It's also a shining example of providing hope—and 2,500 meals a day. With, of course, very few leftovers.

and training to nourish the mind.

For forty years, the Philip Morris family of companies has been a leader in supporting innovative programs in communities worldwide. As the nation's largest food company, Philip Morris is dedicated to helping provide food to people in need. Our partnership with D.C. Central Kitchen is just part of a commitment to enhancing the quality of our world. We urge you to become a part of the solution, and join us in supporting D.C. Central Kitchen today.

D.C. Central Kitchen
425 Second Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20001
(202) 234-0707
www.dccentralkitchen.org

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

KRAFT FOODS, INC. KRAFT FOODS INTERNATIONAL, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY
PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL INC. PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

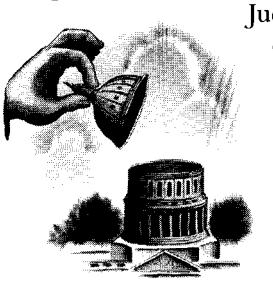
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Breach of promise

The president, it seems, has been taking himself seriously in his frequent references to himself as "the repairer of the breach." Casting about for a legacy larger than family leave, a news subject grander than grand juries, he has lighted upon the subject of race. In February, he asked Erskine Bowles to take time off from his compassionate efforts for poor ol' Webb and figure out what to do about the difficulties between white people and black people in this country. On April 8, the president's men advised the press that the president is going to take some actions. He is going to apologize on behalf of the government to the black men who were withheld treatment for syphilis in the United States Public Health Service's barbaric and criminal Tuskegee experiment. He is going to play a role in ceremonies at Shea Stadium to honor Jackie Robinson. He might convene a White House conference on bigotry. He will probably appoint a commission.

Oh, good. Two photo-ops, a conference and a commission. A few acts of symbolic atonement, another spectacle of the flak-catchers mau-mauing themselves, some token employment for the same small group of racialists and race-specialists who always find token employment in these affairs, remarks by Jesse Jackson. That should repair *that* breach.



As it happened, the details of the president's new p.r. campaign made the papers on the same day in which there was real news on race. In California, a three-judge federal appellate panel overturned an injunction issued last November to stop the implementation of Proposition 209, a public referendum to ban race and sex preferences in public programs. Prop 209 had been approved by 4.7 million citizens—54 percent of California voters, including 30 percent of the state's black voters—but Judge Thelton Henderson had blocked it anyway, on the grounds that it might unconstitutionally disadvantage minorities and women to be singled out for the denial of preferential treatment, when, after all, some other groups (such as Army veterans) were accorded special treatment. In rejecting this bit of surreality, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals noted that what was really threatening to the Constitution was Judge Henderson's ruling. "A system which permits one judge to block with the stroke of a pen what 4,736,180 state residents voted to enact as law tests the integrity of our constitutional democracy," wrote Judge Diarmuid F. O'Scannlain.

If the president really wants to do something historic about the race problem in America, the Ninth Circuit's ruling offers a fine place to begin. The ruling is sure to be appealed, eventually to the Supreme Court. The president has it within his easy power (easier even than calling up a commission) to reverse his previous order, and tell his Justice Department to enter the case on the side of the voters of California, and on the side of equal treatment under the law.

It has been nearly two years since Clinton committed himself to a program to mend, not end, affirmative action, by preserving positive efforts to help minorities and women makes gains *and* reforming the gross and blatantly discriminatory excesses of the group-spoils system that had grown up under the name of affirmative action. "Let me be clear about what affirmative action must not mean and what I won't allow it to be," Clinton said. "It does not mean—and I don't favor—the unjustified preference of the unqualified over the qualified of any race or gender. It doesn't mean—and I don't favor—numerical quotas. It doesn't mean—and I don't favor—rejection or selection of any employee or student solely on the basis of race or gender without regard to merit."

Strong stuff, but there was a reason why proponents of affirmative action hailed the speech, and the reason is familiar to anyone who has studied Clintonspeak. In those three short sentences, the president incorporated no fewer than five weasel terms—"unjustified," "unqualified," "numerical quotas," "solely" and "without regard to merit"—which, taken together, rendered the meaning of the president's statement

continued on page 49

$$$

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

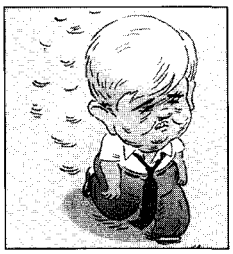
APRIL 28, 1997

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,293

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KELLY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Acting Executive Editor
PETER BEINART
Senior Editors
JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES LANE (On Leave), WILLIAM POWERS, ANDREW SULLIVAN, MARGARET TALBOT, JAMES WOOD
Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN
Managing Editor
DAVID GRANN
Assistant Managing Editor
DEBRA DUROCHER
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry
MARK STRAND
Dance
MINDY ALOFF
Photography
LUC SANTE
Art
JED PERL
New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PAUL GOLOB
New Republic Online (Electronic Newsstand)
BRIAN HECHT
Contributing Editors
FOUAD AJAMI, ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH, JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN, NATHAN GLAZER, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, MICHAEL LEWIS, GLENN LOURY, DOUGLAS G. McGRATH, LOUIS MENAND, DAVID RIEFF, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MICHAEL J. SANDEL, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE, C. VANN WOODWARD, ROBERT WRIGHT
Special Correspondent
ANNA HUSARSKA
Associate Editors
JACOB HEILBRUNN, HANNA ROSIN, RUTH SHALIT
Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE
Production Manager
HENRY RIGGS
Assistant Editors
SUSAN ELLINGWOOD, ROBYN GEAREY, STEPHEN GLASS
Assistant Literary Editor
MELANIE REHAK
Staff Writer
JONATHAN CHAIT
Reporter-Researchers
CATHERINE ELTON, SYDNEY FREEDBERG JR., ROMESH RATNESAR

President and Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Vice President
JAMES J. McCABE
Associate Publisher-Advertising
JENNIFER BARRETT
Associate Publisher-Circulation
JAMES J. SMITH
Controller
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER
Circulation Director
CECELIA M. STEPHENS
Marketing Manager
SHABNAM K. SHARMA
Advertising Manager
ASHLEY H. COOPER
Accounting Assistants
JACQUELYN M. McCULLOUGH, JEANNINE HARRIS
Circulation Assistant
CLAIRE P. STERN
Advertising Assistant
KATHLEEN WILEY
Back Issues and Reception
MARGO JOHNSON



Cover by Eric Baker for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Illustration by Robert Grossman. Article on page 20.

4 **MICHAEL KELLY** TRB: BREACH OF PROMISE The president wants to repair race relations. He can begin by undoing what he has done.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** Schifter and Hoffmann v. Heilbrunn on Lake &c.

9 **THE EDITORS** OUR MAN IN KINSHASA Telling Mobutu to go.

10 **NOTEBOOK** The King family blesses James Earl Ray, Lenin blesses Jesus, Alan Dershowitz blesses himself &c.

12 **JONATHAN CHAIT** DISHONEST LABOR Alexis Herman is the worst Cabinet nominee in the Clinton administration's history, which is saying something. So why is she cruising to confirmation?

16 **DANIEL PIPES** IF I FORGET THEE Jerusalem is often dubbed "a city holy to both Muslims and Jews." But history shows that the Muslims have only really cared when politics called.

20 **HANNA ROSIN** THE MEN WHO WOULD BE NEWT Republicans, once giddy to dethrone Newt Gingrich, are suddenly paralyzed by a terrible thought: What if the men scheming to replace the speaker are even worse than he is?

24 **RUTH SHALIT** WHEN WE WERE PHILOSOPHER KINGS Meet the new specialists accompanying doctors on their rounds, bringing Aristotle to the bedside and calling on Kant in decisions of life and death: medical ethicists.

29 **MICHAEL WALZER** THE HARD QUESTIONS: PIRACY ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE Bluebeard, corporate captains and the decline of plunder.

30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: ACTING AND OFFENDING *Inventing the Abbotts* is more seductive than it ought to be; *Liar, Liar* is repellent.

31 **JED PERL** ON ART: IMPERSONAL ENCHANTMENT The uninvolving mastery of Jeff Wall.

34 **JOHN HOLLANDER** POEM *Dickcissel*

36 **RICHARD POIRIER** THE WASTE SAD TIME *Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909-1917* by T. S. Eliot, edited by Christopher Ricks

45 **CARYL PHILLIPS** THE UNMAROONED *Texaco* by Patrick Chamoiseau, translated by Rose-Myriam Réjouis and Val Vinokurov

50 **SUSAN ELLINGWOOD** WASHINGTON DIARIST: A BROAD DEDUCTION

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 216, Number 17, Issue 4,293, April 28, 1997. (Printed in the U.S. on April 9, 1997.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 6 & 13, July 14 & 21, Aug. 11 & 18, and Sept. 8 & 15, 1997) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1997 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: tnr@aol.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Fire on the Lake

To the editors:

I am one of the "hawkish Democrats," as Jacob Heilbrunn labels us ("The Great Equivocator," March 24), who joined Anthony Lake in the 1992 Clinton campaign. I later worked with Lake at the National Security Council. On the basis of my observations, Lake has, as National Security Adviser, supported policies in which the U.S. would assert its strength whenever appropriate. Due to his personal modesty, many observers, including Heilbrunn, are simply unaware of the role he has played. Contrary to what Heilbrunn says, Lake has from the day he started at the NSC been committed to helping the victims of aggression in Bosnia. The problem for him was that, for the year prior to his arrival at the NSC, U.S. policy had been to leave the problem of Bosnia in the hands of the Europeans, who had placed ground troops in Bosnia in a role for which they were not equipped. The challenge Lake faced was to reverse U.S. policy on Bosnia and placate our European allies.

Lake's guiding principle was that a fair peace agreement could be achieved only if the threat of military power was brought to bear against the Bosnian Serb aggressors. He helped conceive the first NATO air strike decisions in 1993 and 1994, which spurred the ending of the Muslim-Croat war and the creation of the federation. But the use of NATO air power constantly came into conflict with our allies' understandable concerns about the safety of their troops. It took time and negotiations to achieve the desired result, but Lake persevered and was successful. Lake's work designing the U.S. peace initiative in the summer of 1995 laid the foundation on which Richard Holbrooke built the Dayton peace agreement. Lake "married force to diplomacy" to make it possible for U.S. air power to be used with NATO rather than in a way which would be disruptive to the alliance.

Heilbrunn is equally mistaken in his characterization of Lake's position on militant Islam and Algeria. Lake drew a clear line of distinction between Islam as a religion and terrorist groups that use Islam as a cover to attain their political ends. He emphasized that our opposition to the latter should not be construed as hostility to the former. That distinction has, in fact, guided U.S. policy. Lake's observation that economic misery breeds the movements that espouse terrorism has not, contrary to Heilbrunn's assertions, caused him to suggest that terrorists be accommodated.

Heilbrunn fails to discuss one other important policy issue: NATO expansion. If he had, he would have had to note that Tony Lake was in the forefront of the advocates of the expansion policy.

RICHARD SCHIFTER
Bethesda, Maryland

To the editors:

I was doubly surprised when I was quoted in the middle of Jacob Heilbrunn's article on Anthony Lake, first because I am quite sure that Jimmy Carter, Cyrus Vance and Lake would be most intrigued by the thought that it was my quoted words that they lived by and, second, because the quote suggests that I recommended "prophylactic accommodation" to communist insurgencies abroad. If Heilbrunn had taken the trouble of reading the passage from my book, *Primacy or World Order*, instead of relying on the truncated version of the passage in a book by John Ehrman, *The Rise of Neoconservatism*, he would have seen that what I actually recommended in 1978 was limited to countries in which Communists were in "partial power," and where "the costs of overt or covert intervention are morally and politically greater than any likely benefits." What I advocated, in other words, was that in countries like Portugal and Italy, where the Communists were major but not dominant actors, we do not act the way we had in Allende's Chile, or the way in which Henry Kissinger would have liked the U.S. to act in Portugal. Nor did I argue in my book that the United States should "focus on global economic, and social justice," as Heilbrunn suggests. My recommendations put just as much emphasis on moderating interstate conflicts, on preserving the balance of power, on preventing nuclear proliferation and on promoting human rights. There was a time when TNR did not sneer at liberal notions of world order, and did not believe everything that Henry Kissinger said about people, such as Anthony Lake, who had had the courage to stand up to him.

STANLEY HOFFMANN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Jacob Heilbrunn replies:

Stanley Hoffmann may claim that his recommendation was limited to Communists in "partial power," but it appeared in a chapter arguing that the U.S. should practice "noncollision" toward communist insurgencies around the globe and avoid provoking them into anti-Americanism. This doctrine led to disaster for the Carter administration in the Third World. In writing that he never called for a focus on social justice, Hoffmann is trying to have it both ways. Such equivocation, it must be said, is a hallmark of Hoffmann, who almost invariably couches his work in a fog of qualifiers so that it can be interpreted any which way.

Too soon to tell

To the editors:

It is truly astonishing that TNR pronounced the welfare law a success in "It's Working" (March 24) when the law's harshest provisions do not take effect until April, when Food Stamps for immigrants will be cut. This summer, the law makes aged and disabled legal immigrants ineligible for Supplementary Security Income.

Aged and disabled immigrants have nothing to do with the law's intention of stimulating work. They're no longer in the workforce and haven't had the same opportunity as other Americans to build up Social Security and pension benefits. Yet, by this summer, 500,000 legal immigrants will lose SSI and nearly a million will lose Food Stamps, their only protection against hunger and lack of shelter.

The states' funds to fix this generally cover other programs, not SSI and Food Stamps for legal immigrants. There's nothing in federal law, and little in state programs, to address this looming disaster. TNR should focus on gaping holes in the safety net created by the welfare law rather than prematurely declaring that "it's working."

GARY E. RUBIN
New York, New York

To the editors:

Implicit in "It's Working" about the "success" of welfare reform is an assumption that the mass of poor Americans can find work that will support them and their families, if they only make "better decisions" than applying for public assistance. Your prime, indeed only, benchmark is the numbers on the welfare rolls. But you assume that recently lowered numbers automatically mean welfare recipients have found work.

A better economic climate has provided jobs for some welfare recipients, but disappearance from the rolls might reflect a futile struggle to attain, or keep, benefits for which one is qualified. And, yes, there is more money available to states to spend now, in good times, but is there a guarantee for eternal good times? In bad times, a fixed amount of block grant money will not stretch to cover desperate needs. And desperate need is, or should be, a very important part of the discussion. You are philosophical about the sufferings of others: "Some people will fall through the cracks—lose income, or even end up in homeless shelters. This is the inevitable price of positive cultural

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upheaval." But this positive cultural upheaval can't take place if the entry-level jobs that can sustain a family aren't there, and if we don't provide enough money for training and child care.

BLAIKIE F. WORTH
New York, New York

To the editors:

TNR says we already know the welfare law to be a success. It dismisses an Urban Institute analysis issued last summer predicting the welfare law would impoverish 2.6 million people, including 1.1 million children. TNR contends declining welfare caseloads render these numbers invalid. But the Urban Institute's estimates largely reflected the law's immigrant and Food Stamp cuts, not its changes in welfare policies affecting poor families with children. Analysis of the study shows the immigrant and Food Stamp cuts accounted for approximately 80 percent of the increase in child poverty the institute forecast.

Moreover, TNR mistakenly says the law's immigrant cuts "have already begun to correct themselves" because thirty-six states have decided to aid legal immigrants with state funds. In fact, these states have simply elected to continue welfare coverage for immigrant families with children that arrived in the U.S. before the law was enacted, an option they were expected to take. The massive immigrant cuts in the law lie elsewhere—primarily in the denial of federal cash and Food Stamps to poor elderly and disabled legal immigrants. Few states with large immigrant populations are providing funds to make up for these federal cuts. Plus, harsh Food Stamp provisions began to take effect March 1, when nearly 500,000 jobless adults started being taken off Food Stamps, in most cases because they could not find a job and their state decided to fund workfare programs for them.

TNR also gives the new law too much credit for the welfare caseload decline. First, although welfare policy changes certainly have played a role, these changes were largely implemented by states before the law's enactment. Second, caseloads have been shrinking since April 1994, and the economy seems the most important factor here, with unemployment at levels reached on few other occasions since the 1960s.

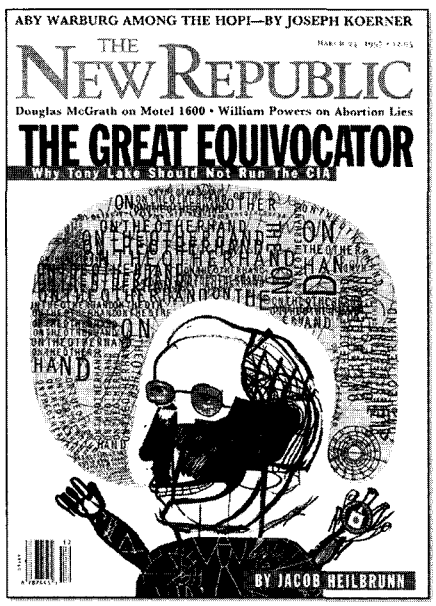
Finally, declining caseloads, by themselves, don't resolve many questions about the law's ultimate impact. What will be its effect when unemployment is 6.3 percent or 7.3 percent instead of 5.3 percent? To what extent will states cut benefits and deepen poverty for families performing workfare? Until such questions are answered, it's too early to declare the law's welfare changes a success. Unfortunately, the law's impact on immigrants and those affected by the deep Food Stamp cuts seems all too clear.

ROBERT GREENSTEIN
Executive Director, Center on Budget and Policy Priorities
Washington, D.C.

The alchemist

To the editors:

Douglas Feith's hysterical critique of the Chemical Weapons Convention ("Chemical Reaction," March 24) would be far more readily understood if he had not been part of the Reagan administration, which largely wrote this treaty. His arguments against the CWC are at once simplistic and overblown. He says


ABY WARBURG AMONG THE HOPI—BY JOSEPH KOERNER
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Douglas McGrath on Motel 1600 • William Powers on Abortion Lies
THE GREAT EQUIVOCATOR
Why Tony Lake Should Not Run The CIA
BY JACOB HEILBRUNN

the CWC "would eliminate export controls [on] rogue states ... [and] exacerbate the problem of poison gas proliferation." He bases this proposition on a misunderstanding of the treaty he helped negotiate.

He says Article XI would forbid chemical trade restrictions on Iran and Cuba because they are parties to the Convention. He also says Article X mandates handing over information on defending against chemical weapons to all treaty members. It is a horrifying prospect, except for one thing: it's not true.

Article XI does forbid trade restrictions "incompatible with [treaty] obligations." This means that, despite constant complaining over the entire course of the negotiations from countries like Iran and Cuba, controls on chemicals and technology to prevent proliferation of chemical weapons are expressly permitted.

Article X does encourage the provision of defensive information among all member states. Given that the history of chemical weapons since the end of World War I is a tale of forces with chemical weapons using them almost exclusively against people without defense (Ethiopia in the '30s, Iran and the Iraqi Kurds in the '80s), sharing defensive technology is hardly the harbinger of chemical offense suggested by Feith. In fact, the barriers to effective chemical weapons defense are less about technology than they are about cash. Poor countries can't afford gas masks. The primary function of Article X is to ensure that, if an aggressor uses nerve gas against a CWC member, other member nations will provide defensive hardware and know-how to the attacked nation.

In addition, Feith's suggestion that Germany would use the CWC to establish a chemical plant in Iran is bizarre. Germany is a key member of the Australia Group, a "nonorganization" of technologically advanced states that works in concert to limit the access of outlaw states to weapons of mass destruction and associated technologies. The Australia Group will still be in business under a CWC, and, unless Feith knows of a secret German plan to flood the world with discount sarin factories, Berlin has shown every intention of staying in the Western club.

The CWC is ultimately damned, in Feith's vision, because it is not perfect. But the perfect has always been the enemy of the good. The alternative is to embrace the status quo, close our eyes to the growing proliferation threat and pretend that things aren't so bad.

KYLE B. OLSON
Alexandria, Virginia

Douglas Feith replies:

Olson admits that Article X encourages the spread of chemical weapons defense know-how. In fact, it is an unqualified undertaking to share, to the "fullest possible" extent, militarily relevant chemical weapons defense technology and material with all treaty parties, including Iran. If Germany, China or some other country wishing to sell such items to Iran met with a U.S. government protest, it is inevitable that the would-be seller would defend itself by invoking Article X. When the Clinton administration recently protested a Russian nuclear reactor sale to Iran, Russia defended itself by invoking the corresponding "atoms-for-peace" provisions in the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. Those provisions were a bad mistake in a generally good treaty. The mistake should not be repeated.

Article XI explicitly aims to eliminate export controls on chemicals among the CWC's states parties. The non-hysterical fact of the matter is that, if Articles X and XI are not fixed, the new treaty will make the chemical weapons problem around the world worse rather than better. I therefore criticized the treaty for being perverse, not for being imperfect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SIMPLE CHOICE

HIGHER PHONE BILLS OR LOWER PHONE BILLS

Congress passed the Telecommunications Act last year to increase competition and reduce phone bills. So why is the FCC being presented with proposals to impose new fees on consumers, small businesses, and Internet users?

The choice is simple: Force consumers to pay the $14 billion in excess access charges that local phone monopolies collect from them—and impose new fees to do it.

Or, cut those excess access charges and return the money to consumers—an average of $110 every year for the average American family.

The answer is easy: Lower access charges mean lower phone bills. To find out what you can do, visit www.overcharge.com or call 1-800-947-5050.

LOWER ACCESS CHARGES MEAN LOWER PHONE BILLS

STOP THE BIG BELL MONOPOLIES' ACCESS CHARGE RIP-OFF

Source: Hatfield Associates.

© MCI Telecommunications Corporation, 1997. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

APRIL 28, 1997

OUR MAN IN KINSHASA

The White House last week inched toward a policy on the crisis consuming that 900,000-square-mile geographical construction in the center of Africa which, for lack of a more accurate term, we call the state of Zaire. "The support for President Mobutu is not sufficient to lead Zaire into the next chapter of history," said White House spokesman Mike McCurry. This was hardly the most forthright way to call for the tyrant's resignation (after all, his support—if we mean democratic support—has never been sufficient to lead any chapter of Zairian history, and that didn't stop the United States from backing him for thirty years). But it was a welcome change nonetheless.

For weeks, the United States seemed to have barely any policy at all. To be sure, State Department spokesmen dutifully issued press releases (February 18: "We call again on all parties to end hostilities and begin immediately a direct dialogue aimed at achieving a peaceful settlement to this conflict"; March 3: "The United States renews its call on all parties to cease hostilities and enter into a dialogue to settle the conflict peacefully"; April 7: "We continue to call upon Mr. Kabila and the Zairian Government to cease firing and to engage in political talks to sort out their problems"). But foreign policy is what a government does to makes its wishes reality, and the press-releasers knew perfectly well that rebel leader Laurent Kabila would not lay down his arms as long as Mobutu Sese Seko remained in power, and that Mobutu would not abdicate until someone made him, and that the Clinton administration was doing precious little to bring about either of these events.

The administration's diffidence was perhaps understandable. There is something tiresome about the schoolmarmish punditry that in the wake of every African crisis instructs Americans that we must care because our interests are directly affected. "ZAIRE COUNTS," announced *The Washington Post* editorial page last week. The assertion is either meaningless (i.e., Zaire counts because every country counts) or it is a lie. Zaire is increasingly irrelevant to global economic exchange and its capacity to affect the international balance of power is negligible. As a matter of American national interest, few places in the world count less than Zaire, and it is upon admission of this hard and sad truth that any intellectually honest case for American action must be based.

But there is a case, and it concerns moral responsibility. Mobutu, a savage clown who for three decades robbed and debased his country, is largely a creature of the United States. He was a CIA employee when he took power in 1965, gorged himself fat on U.S. development aid and was rescued by the American military from regime-threatening uprisings three times. Now popular desperation has birthed a fourth revolt, and for months the United States has looked on with fake innocence as our ex-puppet, dying from cancer, clings frantically and hopelessly to power.

We've witnessed the consequences of such passivity before, and it is gruesome. Twice before since the cold war's end, the United States has stood by and watched former African clients swallowed by the national pathologies it helped fuel. When tyrants go down fighting, they leave infernos in their wake, and that is what happened in Liberia and Somalia, when the United States would not force Samuel Doe and Mohammed Siad Barre, besieged by mass rebellions, to exit peacefully.

This is why McCurry's statement was so important. Kabila won't agree to a cease-fire until Mobutu leaves power. Mobutu clings to the capital, where he garrisons his personal guard, the army's only reliable troops. Without a diplomatic breakthrough, Kabila's troops could reach the capital by June. A battle for Kinshasa would mirror the battles for Mogadishu and Monrovia. The humanitarian consequences would be ghastly (neighborhood to neighborhood warfare in a city of 4 million), and, while Kabila would ultimately win, a military struggle for Kinshasa could well poison the new regime. Governments that take over at the point of a gun tend to govern by the gun.

To avoid this catastrophe, Mobutu must go into exile without a fight, leaving opposition leaders in the capital to negotiate a coalition government led by Kabila. This is the Philippines scenario, and, as with Ferdinand Marcos, forcing out our longtime ally will take pressure from the highest levels of the United States government. The call for Mobutu's resignation is a beginning, but it must be delivered more forcefully and cannot be left to press secretaries and foreign intermediaries. America has burdens to bear in Zaire. Madeleine Albright should go to Kinshasa and tell our old friend that his country has changed, and so has ours. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

DEXTERITY: In recent years, the machinations of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s family to mine as much lucre as possible from the man's legacy have verged on the embarrassing. Among other indistinctions, as *Slate* recently reported, the family has sued CBS for excerpting King's historic "I Have a Dream" speech, levied exorbitant royalty fees on authors who use any King material and struck a $10 million-a-year deal with Time Warner to produce and market King books, tapes and CD-ROMs. But the family's acceptance of James Earl Ray's canard that he is innocent of assassinating King is more than embarrassing. It is shameless. Two weeks ago, Dexter King met with the dying Ray in a Nashville prison, shook his hand and declared that the family believes Ray did not kill King. Instead, he insisted, as Ray's lawyer does, that Ray was a patsy for a Byzantine conspiracy of Mafia dons, white supremacists and FBI agents. On "Crossfire" last Sunday, Dexter revealed that authorities have located the "Raoul" figure whom Ray cryptically fingers for the murder, and who turns out to be a 62-year-old grandfather living in Westchester County, New York. In all of this, needless to say, the facts of the case have gone utterly ignored: that Ray stalked King for days before renting a room in Memphis with a view of King's motel; that his fingerprints were found on a rifle and other items left in a doorway near the site of the shooting; that he tried to flee the country, first to Canada and then to Europe; that none of "Raoul's" fingerprints match those found at the crime scene; and that Ray himself confessed to the murder twenty-eight years ago. In recent days, both of King's Pulitzer Prize-winning biographers, David J. Garrow and Taylor Branch, have invoked this overwhelming evidence to counter Dexter's alarmism. But Dexter, it turns out, is busy negotiating a lucrative movie deal with his own historian to tell the true story of the assassination: Oliver Stone.

O. J. SIMPSON: In *The Forward* last week, Alan Dershowitz finally cast some light upon the origins of his passionate defense of you-know-who. It turns out that he was not acting only as a good American. It was his Jewishness that made him do it. "Under the U.S. Constitution," he writes, "O.J. Simpson was entitled to my best legal efforts without regard to his guilt or innocence. That important privilege was adopted from the Torah and the Talmud, which forbade convictions in capital cases in the absence of zealous advocacy on behalf of the accused. If Mr. [Seth] Gitell [Dershowitz's critic in *The Forward*] were familiar with Jewish sources, he would know that the Sanhedrin could not sentence a person to death if the vote was unanimous, because that would mean that no one had advocated the defendant's position and a verdict reached without zealous advocacy was not to be trusted." Dershowitz's view of the sources of the Constitution might come as a surprise to Rabbi Madison. And if Dershowitz were "familiar with Jewish sources," and not only with the ones that he finds useful in his hilarious attempt to paint himself as a man of high principle, he might recall that those sources include also the Sixth Commandment.

TRUE BELIEVERS: From *The New York Times* on April 9, in a dispatch from Moscow: "When one participant compared Lenin, an atheist of Russian Orthodox background, to Jesus, Mrs. Ulyanova was not in the least offended. 'It's quite relevant,' she said. 'It doesn't degrade Lenin at all.' " Doesn't degrade *Lenin*? Oh well, Mrs. Olga Ulyanova is the old Bolshevik's niece. (But Moses was no Marx!)

TAX BURDEN: For most Americans, April 15 looms with the ominousness of All Souls' Day. Thankfully, congressional Republicans are hard at work exorcising our national bogeyman: the Internal Revenue Service. Newt Gingrich had hardly stepped onto the tarmac after returning from China before he phoned Rush Limbaugh's radio show to denounce a "new" IRS regulation affecting Medicare taxes paid by limited liability corporations (LLCs). "It is not acceptable," he said, "to have them have secret back-door tax increases." As it turns out, there's nothing secret, nor back-door, nor new, about this accursed tax wrinkle. It was proposed in 1993, to clarify the rules for LLCs and prevent delinquency in paying the 2.9 percent Medicare tax; the New York Bar Association even called it "a major step toward rationalizing and simplifying the rules in this area." Ah, details. Newt's ultimate goal, as he repeated last week, is "a total, complete overhaul" of the IRS. And Republicans salivated at newspaper reports last week of jackbooted IRS agents snooping into citizens' returns—terrific ammunition for the GOP's renewed assault on audits, which they claim disproportionately target conservatives. Gutting the IRS, of course, will only reward the chicanery of self-employed renegades, only 70 percent of whom report their taxes honestly, and who are largely responsible for the country's $150 billion in annual unpaid taxes. The Orwellian IRS that strikes fear in the hearts of Republican legislators prosecutes only seventeen of every million of these and other taxpayers. Spooky indeed.

SHOW ME THE MONEY: Later this month Colin Powell will convene "The Presidents' Summit for America's Future," an effort to promote voluntarism. "I just don't want chairmen and CEOs to give more money," he told *Wall Street Journal* writer Gerald Seib, "I really want them to take on the personal commitment." A nice sentiment, and one we commend. But Powell has it backwards. CEOs have lots of money and not very much time. A couple of hours out of the business week spent reading to children is worthy. But there's another concept, as old as voluntarism, that would be a lot more rewarding. It's called tithing. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Call for American Volunteers

. . . to support the emerging democracies in Europe and Asia

A message from President Vaclav Havel, AVID Chairman:

"The democratic transition requires new knowledge and skills, and one of the best ways for us to develop those skills and acquire that knowledge is to dramatically increase the number and range of contacts between our citizens and Americans from all walks of life... The National Forum Foundation and the AVID program have made valuable contributions to that process.

Americans with managerial experience in non-governmental organizations, public administration, economic development, and journalism are needed to volunteer to work with their professional counterparts in the emerging democracies. Travel and basic living expenses are provided to selected volunteers by the American Volunteers for International Development (AVID) program, sponsored by the National Forum Foundation.

Expertise in the following areas is especially needed: non-profit management and development, fundraising, volunteer training, budgeting and finance, business management, economic development, public relations, advertising, local government, political communication, rule of law, legislative process, media management, journalism, and television and radio production.

In the past three years, AVID Volunteers have served in Belgrade, Bratislava, Bucharest, Budapest, Kaunas, Kiev, Krakow, Krasnoyarsk, Moscow, Prague, Riga, Sofia, St. Petersburg, Szeged, Tallinn, Uman, Vilnius, and Warsaw.

Two years professional experience necessary. Volunteers must commit a minimum of three months service in the host country.

Make a difference. Volunteer today.

For an AVID application, send a self-addressed business-size envelope to:

National Forum Foundation, AVID Application, 511 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002
Tel: 202-543-3515/ Fax: 202-547-4101/ E-mail: nff@nff.org

The National Forum Foundation, a non-profit organization, promotes political and economic freedom. Major supporters of NFF democratization programs include The Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation, The German Marshall Fund of the United States, The Grace Foundation, F. M. Kirby Foundation, Inc., National Endowment for Democracy, The Pew Charitable Trusts, U.S. Agency for International Development, and the Office of Citizen Exchanges of the United States Information Agency.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexis Herman, for all the wrong reasons.

DISHONEST LABOR

By Jonathan Chait

Richard Shelby has distinguished himself in the United States Senate mainly by his passionate and oft-professed hatred for the Clinton administration. Indeed, he has made a career out of Clinton-hating, once proclaiming gleefully that his animosity for the president formed the basis of his popularity in his home state of Alabama. In February 1993, before other Democrats had even polished off the leftover champagne from Clinton's inauguration, Shelby attacked the White House for raising taxes. Clinton retaliated by moving ninety NASA jobs out of Alabama. The relationship went downhill from there. Just after the 1994 elections, Shelby shed his last Democratic vestiges and joined the Republican Party. Like Strom Thurmond and other Dixiecrat-turned-Republicans, Shelby took to the GOP faith with more fervor than most lifetime believers. As a reward, his new party handed him the chairmanship of the Intelligence Committee, from which Shelby resumed his antipathetic ways: over the last two months he almost single-handedly harangued Anthony Lake into forsaking his nomination for CIA director.

On March 19, still basking in the afterglow of Lake's demise, Shelby spoke before the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, which had gathered to decide the fate of another controversial Clinton nominee, Labor Secretary-designate Alexis Herman. On this occasion, however, Shelby came to praise, not bury, a Clinton nominee. In proud, almost pious tones, he introduced Herman as if she were a conservative convert. "She's worked in the vineyards," he declared. "She's worked in the Democratic Party. She's worked in the White House. She has earned her way the hard way: by hard work." Shelby wasn't the only senator cooing. Other, normally belligerent Republicans burbled equal goodwill. Their few forays into the known areas of controversy regarding Herman were so polite as to be almost apologetic. The four-and-a-half-hour love-in ended in smiles and mutual praise, the prelude to an expected overwhelming confirmation by the Senate.

How striking is the contrast between Herman's cruise to confirmation and the experiences of other Clinton appointees. Nomination struggles have plagued Clinton from the beginning, Lake's ordeal providing only the most recent example. To be sure, the Senate has given a bye to a few Clinton nominees. But those exceptions, like Madeleine Albright or William Cohen, arrived with impressive résumés, untainted by scandal. Herman, by marked contrast, is perhaps the least qualified—and certainly the most scandal-plagued—nominee that Clinton has put forth over the course of his presidency. Her harmonious confirmation is not merely curious, but perverse: the intellectual and ethical debasements that ought to have disqualified Herman are the very things that have saved her.

It would not be quite accurate to say that Herman's political career has been tainted by cronyism. Her political career *is* cronyism. For Herman, it seems, government has meant little more than a way to enrich herself and her friends. Herman's Washington career dates back to the Carter administration, where she headed the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor. There she linked up with Little Rock civil rights pioneer and Clinton friend Ernest Green, who ran the department's Employment and Training Administration (and who is currently playing a supporting role in the Clinton fundraising scandals). Following the 1980 presidential election, the department frantically shoveled millions of dollars in grant money out the door before the Reagan administration could take over. The largest grants went to two sources: a training program that employed Green and Herman before their Labor tenure, and a youth training program run by Jesse Jackson, a close Herman friend. In 1981, Green and Herman formed a diversity consulting firm, Green-Herman & Associates Inc., which got a quick boost from Jackson. In those years, the reverend frequently threatened boycotts of companies he deemed insufficiently diverse. When Jackson's targets sued for peace, according to media accounts, he recommended that they hire Green-Herman & Associates.

The diversity consulting business proved lucrative for Green & Herman. Corporations hire diversity consultants mainly to avoid lawsuits. Thus, the two enjoyed a particular advantage: as consultants, they could sell advice on complying with the affirmative action laws that, as government officials, they had enforced.

One way to comply with those laws, it turned out, was to give Alexis Herman a great deal of money. Bob Mendelsohn, a real-estate developer who had met Herman while he was working for the Interior Department

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under Carter, quickly figured this out. In 1986, he gave her a 3.34 percent stake in his venture to build a complex of offices and condominiums in downtown Washington. Herman sold part of her holding and recently valued the rest at somewhere between $500,000 and $1 million, a strong return for an investment of zero dollars. Mendelsohn handed out similar deals to two other limited partners, bringing the minority ownership to 10 percent, in order to comply with federal affirmative action guidelines. Mendelsohn could have bestowed this windfall upon any number of more needy black Washingtonians. But Herman had something that escaped her less fortunate cohabitants: a tight relationship with Washington Mayor Marion Barry, who held considerable sway over which firms received building contracts in the district. Mendelsohn later insisted that Herman's clout played no part in his decision.

In 1989, Herman became chief of staff at the Democratic National Committee, working directly under another mentor, Ron Brown, then party chair, later secretary of Commerce. Her firm, now A. H. Herman & Associates (Green had gone into investment banking), remained under her control. The next year Mendelsohn hired her firm to help him win an even bigger contract. For $600,000, A. H. Herman designed Mendelsohn's affirmative action plan. Mendelsohn won the fiercely contested contract, although his company had been underbid by hundreds of millions of dollars and had given what one knowledgeable insider described as a vastly inferior proposal. Mendelsohn claims that Herman's post at the DNC played no role in either his decision to hire her or the government's decision to award the contract to Mendelsohn.

Later, the Mendelsohn-Herman building deal came under fire in Congress—because, ironically, some congressmen thought its affirmative action program was not aggressive enough. According to numerous press accounts at the time, Herman took her DNC clout to the Hill to lobby for continued funding, a move widely criticized as a conflict of interest. Herman recently wrote to the Senate Labor Committee that she has "no recollection of lobbying either Members of Congress or their staffs." Her spokesman, Joe Lockhart, has denied outright that she lobbied for Mendelsohn. But, according to a 1990 article in *The Washington Business Journal*, "sources at the House Government Operations Committee" maintained that Herman "did not hesitate to appear at meetings between legislative aides and the Delta Team [Mendelsohn's group]." The article reported that Mendelsohn had "said he had asked Herman to go to the Hill to address concerns about minority participation in the project because she had written the plan." Mendelsohn now denies having asked Herman to lobby and insists the 1990 article "got a lot of things wrong."

ALEXIS HERMAN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Despite the alleged conflict of interest, Herman's political stock continued to rise. With Ron Brown devoting much of his time to fund-raising, Herman ran the day-to-day operations of the 1992 convention. It was not unrewarded labor. A *U.S. News & World Report* story the following year reported that she enjoyed frequent limousine service—over $6,000 worth during one two-week stretch alone—and $3,500-per-month rent, all on the party's dime.

In late 1993, after becoming White House director of public liaison, Herman sold her firm to longtime friend Vanessa Weaver. Then, while working at the Office of Public Liaison, Herman recommended—as she later admitted in a written response to the Senate Labor Committee—that both Weaver and Weaver's sister be included on a trade mission to Mexico. The sisters were so included, and later donated $25,000 apiece to the DNC.

But the business relationship between Herman and the Weaver sisters apparently goes back even further. According to payroll documents, the DNC paid Weaver $15,000 in consulting fees during the 1992 convention run by Herman. Neither several former convention staffers nor Lockhart were able to say, when asked, what precisely Weaver did to earn her money. According to the 1992 DNC Employee Handbook, Herman had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsibility for reviewing all contracts, meaning that, at minimum, she approved hiring Weaver. Why does this matter? Because it appears to contradict her written responses to questions posed by the Senate Labor Committee. When asked if she had "extend[ed] any courtesy or provide[d] any benefit" to Weaver before or after the selling of A. H. Herman & Associates, Herman replied that she had not. Lockhart, questioned, argued that it didn't matter if Herman had misstated the truth to the Senate. "If you contract someone and they do the work," he said, "I don't see how that's a benefit." Herman declined, through Lockhart, to be interviewed prior to confirmation.

Herman won the nomination for secretary of Labor from Clinton at least in part for the same reason she got her first big deal from Mendelsohn: the president needed to fill a quota. Ron Brown's unexpected death in April 1996, and the departure of Hazel O'Leary and Mike Espy, had left the Clinton Cabinet with just one African American, and no black women. But, as in her building deal, Herman had more than her sex and race going for her. She benefited, once again, from political cronyism. In this instance, her old friend and consulting ally Jesse Jackson lobbied Clinton to pick her.

Herman's nomination represents a marked ideological shift in the administration's economic thinking. During the first term, Labor Secretary Robert Reich's liberalism counterbalanced the moderate Wall Street impulses of Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin. Reich's influence stemmed from both his academic heft and from his long-standing relationship with Clinton. Herman, with neither, could not dream of challenging Rubin. "It's like the New York Yankees against 'Farm Team To Be Determined,'" laughs an administration official.

Its seat at the table sacrificed for the sake of diversity, organized labor went through the classic stages of grievous loss. First, denial. Labor leaders, refusing to accept the finality of Clinton's choice, proferred former Pennsylvania Senator Harris Wofford as an alternative. When Wofford didn't fly, labor threw its support, in quick succession, behind Esteban Edward Torres and Alan Wheat, both minorities with pro-union records in Congress. These progressively more humiliating failures hastened the second stage: anger. "The not-for-attribution comments of labor leaders I talked to the day of Herman's appointment ranged from rage to—well, rage," wrote liberal columnist Harold Meyerson in *The Sacramento Bee*. The third stage: bargaining. AFL-CIO President John Sweeney met with Jackson and Clinton. Though none could confirm it, several labor officials privately expressed a belief that the administration had granted Sweeney more say in staffing lower-level jobs at Labor. This led, at last, to: acceptance. "Once it became clear that the administration chose Herman, there was no point in opposing her," sighs one labor official. AFL-CIO officials now maintain, somewhat ahistorically, that their support for Wofford was based on a big misunderstanding: they would have picked Herman first if only they had known she wanted the job.

With the Democratic coalition in line, Herman's fate now rested with the Senate. Nominally, her key hurdle was the Senate Labor Committee, chaired by Jim Jeffords of Vermont. In reality, it was up to Majority Leader Trent Lott, who initially resisted granting the chairmanship to the moderate Jeffords. Jeffords won the chair, which he had earned by seniority, only by agreeing to defer to the leadership's wishes on any important matters. In February, Lott bottled up Herman's nomination in order to force Democrats to allow a vote on a "comp time" bill that would permit employers to substitute extra vacations for overtime pay.

Seeking a pretext for delaying Herman's hearings, Lott ruminated publicly over her role in organizing White House coffee sessions with potential donors. Many of those donors were black. When a reporter questioned McCurry about this, he pounced: "I can't believe the majority leader would suggest she's disqualified from serving as secretary of Labor because she attempted to encourage African Americans to participate in the political life of this nation." Lott, who had suggested nothing of the sort, fumed. But the White House had Lott where it wanted him. The Herman nomination became a civil rights issue. They had thrust Lott into his nightmare role of George Wallace, blocking the doorway of the Labor Department. African American and feminist organizations rushed to the White House to attack Republican delays. Even the AFL-CIO chimed in, demanding "immediate hearings on the nomination of this African American woman."

Republicans, it turns out, were all too happy to oblige. And here lies the true perversity of Herman's nomination: Congress, in the position of helping to select its foe, *wants* a pathetic Labor secretary. The previous one, Reich, helped Clinton push through a higher minimum wage, which most Republicans consider the low point of their last Congress. Reich's successor will be charged with fighting Republican efforts to pass legislation limiting unions' powers to negotiate in the workplace and organize politically. Therefore, the worse the secretary, the more scandal-plagued and the less policy-focused, the better. Herman's lack of qualifications became, ironically, her strongest qualification. "She will be an ineffective Labor secretary," explains a conservative activist who works closely with Senate Republicans. "There's just a general view that 'What damage can she do us? If we put somebody else in there who's effective, it'll be a much bigger headache.'"

Indeed, Republicans are happy to support Herman's sort of liberalism because it restricts government largesse to ever fewer, ever less-deserving beneficiaries. It costs much less to enrich a tiny coterie of well-connected African Americans than to improve ordinary black lives. Clinton's relegation of Reich's chair to a quota slot is itself an act of Hermanism. The Labor Department won't do much for the working poor, but it will at least do well by Alexis Herman. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition

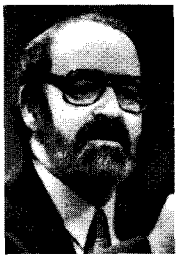
(Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Moses, Jesus, Marcus Aurelius, Augustine, Aquinas, More, Machiavelli, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Spinoza, Newton, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Smith, Rousseau, Kant, Burke, Montesquieu, Hegel, Marx, Mill, Kierkegaard, Darwin, Freud, Nietzsche, James, Ayers, Quine, Wittgenstein, Weber, Habermas, Kuhn, Rorty, Foucault, Rawls, Levi-Strauss, etc.)

...taught by 6 widely acclaimed lecture professors on audio and video cassettes

Darren Staloff, Ph.D.
City College of New York

Michael Sugrue, Ph.D.
Princeton University

Dennis Dalton, Ph.D.
Barnard College/Columbia Univ.



Alan Charles Kors, Ph.D.
University of Pennsylvania

THE SUPERSTAR FACULTY ALSO INCLUDES:
Robert Oden, Ph.D., President, Kenyon College
Elizabeth McNamer, Ph.D., Rocky Mountain College

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF LIFE? What is the best *kind* of life? Who or what is God? What is the essence of justice? When is it legitimate for one person to have power over others? Can any of these questions be answered?

These are basic riddles of human experience that thoughtful men and women have pondered since the dawn of civilization.

You too must have asked yourself questions like these many times. And perhaps you once vowed that some day you would plow through *all* the great thinkers of the Western world and find your own answers.

But you know you never will. Frankly, it would require a minimum of several years of withdrawal from active life, and devotion to intense effort and concentration.

Now, at last, here is a feasible way to enjoy *the intellectual adventure of a lifetime.* A way you can comfortably grasp the *essence* and *consequence* of each thinker's greatness, in leisure moments in your home or car.

That is the extraordinary opportunity now offered by this unprecedented new audio-video lecture series—*The Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition.*

The series is composed of 70 lectures, covering more than 40 of the great minds of the Western world. Each lecture is accompanied by an outline and reading list as an aid, if you wish, to mastering and further exploring the subject.

Over half of the lectures are delivered by Professors Darren Staloff and Michael Sugrue, who for several years electrified students at Columbia University with their sweeping canvas of Western intellectual development. Then to round out the series, there are guest lecturers from the growing Teaching Company treasury of audio and video recordings of America's SuperStar Teachers.

The result is a definitive survey of Western thought by an all-star teaching team with no equal in lecturing skill at any single college campus anywhere else in the world.

With these video or audio recordings of six of America's most widely acclaimed college lecture professors as your guides, you can now follow down through the centuries of mankind's great debate over the meaning of life, and how the ideas put forth shaped and developed our Western civilization of today.

Just listening to these lectures—whether you decide to supplement them by browsing through the texts of the works discussed or not—will give you a grasp of the intellectual history of the Western world possessed by as few as one out of every thousand Americans.

To order, mail coupon or call
1-800-TEACH-12
(1-800-832-2412)
please refer to ***Offer Code 4535***
or FAX 703-912-7756

Lifetime Satisfaction Guaranteed!

THE CURRICULUM

PART I: Ancient Philosophy and Faith: From Athens to Jerusalem
Introduction to the Problems & Scope of Philosophy; The Old Testament; The Gospels of Mark & Matthew; Paul: His World; Presocratics: Ionian Speculation & Eliatic Metaphysics; Republic I: Justice, Power & Knowledge; Republic II-V: Soul & City; Republic VI-X: The Architecture of Reality; Aristotle's Metaphysical Views; Aristotle's Politics: The Golden Mean & Just Rule; Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations*: The Stoic Ideal; Augustine's *City of God*: Grace, Original Sin & Theodicy
Course No. 401. Video or Audio

PART II: The Age of Faith to The Age of Reason
Aquinas' *Summa Theologica*: The Thomist Synthesis & Its Political & Social Content; More's *Utopia*: Reason & Social Justice; Machiavelli's *The Prince*: Political Realism, Political Science & the Renaissance; Bacon's *New Organon*: The Call for a New Science; Descartes' Epistemology & the Mind-Body Problem; Hobbes' *Leviathan: Of Man*; Hobbes' *Leviathan: Of the Common-wealth*; Spinoza's Ethics: Metaphysics & the Path to Salvation; The Newtonian Revolution; The Early Enlightenment & the Search for the Laws of History: Vico's *New Science of History*; Pascal's *Pensees*; The Philosophy of G.W. Liebniz
Course No. 402. Video or Audio

PART III: The Enlightenment and Its Critics
Locke's Theory of Knowledge; Locke's Political Theory; Montesquieu & the Beginnings of Political Science; Berkeley's Idealism & the Critique of Materialism; Hume's Epistemology; Hume's Theory of Morality; Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; Rousseau's Dissent: The Challenge to the Idea of Progress; Kant's "Copernican Revolution": Epistemology & the Critique of Metaphysics; Kant's Moral Philosophy; Burke & the Birth of Enlightened Conservatism; Naturalism & Materialism: The Boundaries of the Enlightenment
Course No. 403. Video or Audio

PART IV: Philosophy in the Epoch of Ideology
Comte & the Origins of Sociology; Hegel: The Phenomenology of Geist; Hegel's Philosophy of History; Marx & the Problem of Alienation & Ideology; Marx's Historical Materialism; Kierkegaard's Christian Existentialism; Schopenhauer: The World as Will & Idea; The Classical Doctrine of Liberal Democracy: John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* & *Utilitarianism*; The Darwinian Revolution in Social Thought: William Graham Sumner; Weber's Historical Sociology; Freud & Philosophy
Course No. 404. Video or Audio

PART V: Modernism and the Age of Analysis: Beginnings
Nietzsche's Critique of Christianity: The Genealogy of Morals; Nietzsche's Perspectivalism & Critique of Philosophy; James' Pragmatism; Gadamer: Hermeneutics & the Human Sciences; Bergson's Elan Vital & Vitalism; John Dewey's *Reconstruction in Philosophy*: The Pragmatic Critique of Traditional Philosophy; Levi-Strauss: Structuralist Anthropology; Husserl: Phenomenology & the Life-World; Heidegger: Being & Time; A. J. Ayer's Language, Truth & Logic; The Latter Wittgenstein: The Philosophy of Language; The Frankfurt School
Course No. 405. Video or Audio

PART VI: Modernism and the Age of Analysis: Conclusions
Kuhn's Paradigm Paradigm; Habermas' Critical Theory; Barthes, Semiotics & the Revolt Against Structuralism; Social Justice & Social Democracy in Contemporary Times: *A Theory of Justice* by John Rawls; Alvin Gouldner's *Dark Side of the Dialectic*: Social Theory; Renegade Sociology & Outlaw Marxism; Foucalt: Power, Knowledge & Post-Structuralism; Quine's Ontological Relativism & the End of "Philosophy"; Rorty's Neo-Pragmatism; Jean-Francois Lyotard: the Post-Modern Condition; Conclusion: The Theory of Knowledge & Language; Conclusion: Political, Social & Cultural Criticism & Theory
Course No. 406. Video or Audio

AUDIO ON SALE! $100 OFF ENTIRE COURSE!

The Teaching Company®
7405 Alban Station Court, Suite A107
Springfield, VA 22150-2318
Offer Code 4535

Please send me the following Parts from ***Great Minds,*** each consisting of 11-12, 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome storage cases.

☐ ALL SIX ☐ Part I ☐ Part II ☐ Part III
☐ Part IV ☐ Part V ☐ Part VI

(please check desired format)

☐ Audio*: **SALE**—Entire six-part course, $249.95 (reg. price $349.95) plus $20 S&H. One part, $89.95 plus $5 ea. S&H.

☐ Video*: Entire six-part course, $549.95 plus $20 S&H. One part, $149.95 plus $5 ea. S&H.

**Note: Virginia residents please add 4.5% sales tax.*

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed
☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ Disc.

ACCOUNT NUMBER

SIGNATURE EXP. DATE

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

MAILING ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

PHONE *(If we have questions regarding your order)*

☐ **Please send me a free copy of your complete catalog of over 80 courses (no purchase necessary)**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF I FORGET THEE

By Daniel Pipes

The architects of the Oslo peace accords understood Jerusalem's power. Fearing that even discussing the holy city's future would detonate the fragile truce between Israelis and Palestinians, they tried to defer the issue until everything else had been settled. But it is now all too clear that this approach has failed. Last September, riots met the opening of a new entrance to the ancient Hasmonean tunnel, while the recent building of apartments on an empty plot in eastern Jerusalem has brought the Netanyahu-Arafat dialogue to a bitter and bloody standstill. And so the international actors must begin to do what they had hoped to postpone: sort through the Jews' and Muslims' conflicting claims on the city King David entered three millennia ago.

The debate matters. In Jerusalem, theological and historical arguments matter, serving often as the functional equivalent of legal claims. The strength of these arguments will ultimately help determine who governs the city. Already we hear the ritual and relativistic cliché that Jerusalem is "a city holy to both peoples." But, like many clichés, this one is more false than true. Jerusalem stands as the paramount religious city of Judaism, a place so holy that not just its soil but even its air is deemed sacred. Jews pray in its direction, invoke its name at the end of each meal and close the Passover service with the wistful statement "Next year in Jerusalem."

In contrast, Jerusalem is not the place to which Muslims pray. It is not directly connected to any events in Mohammed's life. And it is not even mentioned by name in the Koran. The city never became a cultural center or served as capital of a sovereign Muslim state. Jerusalem has mattered to Muslims only intermittently over the past thirteen centuries, and when it has mattered, as it does today, it has been because of politics.

The story begins in A.D. 622, when the prophet Mohammed fled his hometown of Mecca for Medina, a city with a substantial Jewish population. He adopted a number of practices friendly to Jews—a Yom Kippur-like fast, a synagogue-like house of prayer and kosher-style dietary laws. Mohammed also adopted the Judaic practice of facing the Temple Mount in Jerusalem during prayer. "He chose the Holy House in Jerusalem in order that the People of the Book [i.e., Jews] would be conciliated," notes at-Tabari, an early Muslim commentator on the Koran, "and the Jews were glad." Modern historians agree: W. Montgomery Watt, a leading biographer of Mohammed, interprets the prophet's "far-reaching concessions to Jewish feeling" as part of his "desire for a reconciliation with the Jews."

But Jews criticized the new faith and rejected Mohammed's gestures, leading Mohammed eventually to break with them, probably early in 624. The most dramatic sign of this change came in a Koranic passage (2:142-52) ordering the faithful no longer to pray toward Syria but toward Mecca instead. (The Koran and other sources only mention the direction as "Syria"; other information makes it clear that "Syria" means Jerusalem.) This episode initiated a pattern that would be repeated many times over the succeeding centuries: Muslims have taken serious religious interest in Jerusalem at times when it has most conspicuously served them politically; and when the political climate has changed, the religious interest has flagged.

In the century after Mohammed's death, politics prompted the Damascus-based Umayyad dynasty, which controlled Jerusalem, to make the city sacred in Islam. Embroiled in fierce competition with a dissident leader in Mecca, the Umayyad rulers were seeking to diminish Arabia at Jerusalem's expense. They sponsored a genre of literature praising the "virtues of Jerusalem" and circulated accounts of the prophet's sayings or doings (called *hadiths*) favorable to Jerusalem. In 688-91, they built Islam's first grand structure, the Dome of the Rock, on top of the remains of the Jewish Temple.

They even reinterpreted the Koran to make room for Jerusalem. The Koran, describing Mohammed's Night Journey (*isra'*), reads: "[God] takes His servant [i.e., Mohammed] by night from the Sacred Mosque to the furthest mosque." When this Koranic passage was first revealed, in about 621, a place called the Sacred Mosque already existed in Mecca. In contrast, the "furthest mosque" was a turn of phrase, not a place. Some early Muslims understood it as metaphorical or as a place in heaven. And if the "furthest mosque" did exist

DANIEL PIPES is editor of the *Middle East Quarterly* and author of *The Hidden Hand: Middle East Fears of Conspiracy* (St. Martin's Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on earth, Palestine would have seemed an unlikely location, for that region elsewhere in the Koran (30:1) was called "the closest land" (*adna al-ard*).

But, in 715, the Umayyads built a mosque in Jerusalem, again right on the Temple Mount, and called it the Furthest Mosque (*al-Masjid al-Aqsa*, or al-Aqsa Mosque). With this, the Umayyads not only inserted Jerusalem into the Koran but retroactively gave it a prominent role in Mohammed's life. For if the "furthest mosque" is in Jerusalem, then Mohammed's Night Journey and his subsequent ascension to heaven (*mi'raj*) also took place on the Temple Mount.

But Jerusalem still mattered theologically only when it mattered politically, and, when the Umayyad dynasty collapsed in 750, Jerusalem fell into near-obscurity. For the next three and a half centuries, books praising the city lost favor and the construction of glorious buildings not only stopped, but existing ones fell apart (the Dome over the rock collapsed in 1016). "Learned men are few, and the Christians numerous," bemoaned a tenth-century Muslim native of Jerusalem. The rulers of the new dynasty bled Jerusalem and the surrounding country through what F. E. Peters of New York University calls "their rapacity and their careless indifference."

By the early tenth century, notes Peters, Muslim rule over Jerusalem had an "almost casual" quality with "no particular political significance." In fact, even the Crusade conquest of the city in 1099 initially aroused only a mild Muslim response: "one does not detect either shock or a sense of religious loss and humiliation," notes Emmanuel Sivan of the Hebrew University, a scholar of the era.

Only as the military effort to retake Jerusalem grew serious in about 1150 did Muslim leaders stress Jerusalem's importance to Islam. Once again, *hadiths* about Jerusalem's sanctity and books about the "virtues of Jerusalem" appeared. One *hadith* put words into the prophet Mohammed's mouth saying that, after his own death, Jerusalem's falling to the infidels is the second greatest catastrophe facing Islam.

Once safely back in Muslim hands after Saladin's reconquest, however, interest in Jerusalem dropped, to the point where one of Saladin's grandsons temporarily ceded the city in 1229 to Emperor Friedrich II in return for the German's promise of military aid against his brother. But learning that Jerusalem was back in Christian hands again provoked intense Muslim emotions. As a result, in 1244, Muslims retook the city. The psychology at work bears note: that Christian knights traveled from distant lands to make Jerusalem their capital made the city more valuable in Muslim eyes. Sivan writes, "It was a city strongly coveted by the enemies of the faith, and thus became, in a sort of mirror-image syndrome, dear to Muslim hearts."

The city then lapsed into its usual obscurity for nearly eight centuries. The Temple Mount sanctuaries were abandoned and became dilapidated. Under Ottoman rule (1516-1917), Jerusalem suffered the indignity of being treated as a tax farm for non-resident, one-year (and therefore very rapacious) officials. The Turkish authorities raised funds by gouging European visitors, and so made little effort to promote Jerusalem's economy. The tax rolls show soap as the city's only export. In 1611, George Sandys found that "Much lies waste; the old buildings (except a few) all ruined, the new contemptible." Gustav Flaubert of *Madame Bovary* fame visited in 1850 and found "ruins everywhere." Mark Twain in 1867 wrote that Jerusalem "has lost all its ancient grandeur, and [has] become a pauper village."

In modern times, notes the Israeli scholar Hava Lazarus-Yafeh, Jerusalem "became the focus of religious and political Arab activity only at the beginning of the present century, and only because of the renewed Jewish activity in the city and Judaism's claims on the Western Wailing Wall." British rule over the city, lasting from 1917 to 1948, also galvanized Muslim passion for Jerusalem. The Palestinian leader (and mufti of Jerusalem) Hajj Amin al-Husayni made the Temple Mount central to his anti-Zionist efforts, raising funds throughout the Arab world for the restoration of the Dome of the Rock. Arab politicians made Jerusalem a prominent destination; Iraqi leaders frequently turned up, where they demonstrably prayed at al-Aqsa and gave rousing speeches.

But, when Muslims retook the Old City with its Islamic sanctuaries in 1948, they quickly lost interest in it. An initial excitement stirred when the Jordanian forces took the walled city in 1948—as evidenced by the Coptic bishop's crowning of King Abdallah as "King of Jerusalem" in November of that year—but then the usual ennui set in. The Hashemites had little affection for Jerusalem, where some of their most devoted enemies lived and where Abdallah himself was shot dead in 1951. In fact, the Hashemites made a concerted effort to diminish the holy city's importance in favor of their capital, Amman. Jerusalem had once served as the British administrative capital, but now all government offices there (save tourism) were shut down. The Jordanians also closed some local institutions (e.g., the Arab Higher Committee) and moved others to Amman (the treasury of the Palestinian *waqf*, or religious endowment).

Their effort succeeded. Once again, Arab Jerusalem became an isolated provincial town, now even less important than Nablus. The economy stagnated and many thousands left Arab Jerusalem. While the population of Amman increased five-fold in the period 1948-67, Jerusalem's grew just 50 percent. Amman was chosen as the site of the country's first university as well as of the royal family's many residences. Perhaps most insulting of all, Jordanian radio broadcast the Friday prayers not from al-Aqsa Mosque but from a mosque in Amman.

Nor was Jordan alone in ignoring Jerusalem; the city virtually disappeared from the Arab diplomatic map.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No foreign Arab leader came to Jerusalem between 1948 and 1967, and even King Hussein visited only rarely. King Faisal of Saudi Arabia often spoke after 1967 of yearning to pray in Jerusalem, yet he appears never to have bothered to pray there when he had the chance. Perhaps most remarkable is that the Palestinian Liberation Organization's founding document, the Palestinian National Covenant of 1964, does not even mention Jerusalem once.

All this abruptly changed after June 1967, when the Old City came under Israeli control. As in the British period, Palestinians again made Jerusalem the centerpiece of their political program. Pictures of the Dome of the Rock turned up everywhere, from Yasir Arafat's office to the corner grocery. The PLO's 1968 Constitution described Jerusalem as "the seat of the Palestine Liberation Organization."

Nor were Palestinians alone in their renewed interest. "As during the era of the Crusaders," Lazarus-Yafeh points out, many Muslim leaders "began again to emphasize the sanctity of Jerusalem in Islamic tradition," even dusting off old *hadiths* to back up their claims. Jerusalem became a mainstay of Arab League and United Nations resolutions. The formerly stingy Jordanian and Saudi governments now gave munificently to the Jerusalem *waqf*.

As it was under the British mandate, Jerusalem has since 1967 again become the primary vehicle for mobilizing international Muslim opinion. A fire at al-Aqsa Mosque in 1969 gave Saudi King Faisal the occasion to convene twenty-five Muslim heads of state and establish the Organization of the Islamic Conference, a United Nations for Muslims. Since the Islamic Revolution, Iran's one-rial coin and 1,000-rial banknote have featured the Dome of the Rock. Iranian soldiers at war with Saddam Hussein's forces in the 1980s received primitive maps marking a path through Iraq and onto Jerusalem. Ayatollah Khomeini decreed the last Friday of Ramadan Jerusalem Day.

Since Israeli occupation, some ideologues have sought to establish the historical basis of Islamic attachment to Jerusalem by raising three main arguments, all of them historically dubious. First, they assert a Muslim connection to Jerusalem that predates the Jewish one. Ghada Talhami, a scholar at Lake Forest College, asserts that "There are other holy cities in Islam, but Jerusalem holds a special place in the hearts and minds of Muslims because its fate has always been intertwined with theirs." Always? Jerusalem's founding antedated Islam by about two millennia, so how can that be? Ibrahim Hooper, national communications director for the Washington-based Council on American-Islamic Relations, explains: "the Muslim attachment to Jerusalem does not begin with the prophet Muhammad, it begins with the prophets Abraham, David, Solomon and Jesus, who are also prophets in Islam." In other words, the central figures of Judaism and Christianity were really proto-Muslims.

Second, and equally anachronistic, is the claim that the Koran mentions Jerusalem. Hooper (and others) argue that "the Koran refers to Jerusalem by its Islamic centerpiece, al-Aqsa Mosque." But this makes no sense: a mosque built a century after the Koran was delivered cannot establish what a Koranic verse originally meant.

Third, some Muslims deny Jerusalem's importance to Jews. Abd al-Malik Dahamshe, an Arab member of Israel's parliament, flatly stated last month that "the Western Wall is not associated with the remains of the Jewish Temple." A fundamentalist Israeli Arab leader went further and announced that "It's prohibited for Jews to pray at the Western Wall." Or, in the succinct wording of a recent Palestinian protest banner: "Jerusalem is Arab."

Despite the loud assertions that Jerusalem is essential to Islam, the religion does contain a recessive but persistent strain of anti-Jerusalem sentiment. Perhaps the most prominent adherent of this view was Ibn Taymiya (1263-1328), one of Islam's strictest and most influential religious thinkers. (The Wahhabis of Arabia are his modern-day successors.) In an attempt to purify Islam of accretions and impieties, Ibn Taymiya dismissed the sacredness of Jerusalem as a notion deriving from Jews and Christians, and from the long-ago Umayyad rivalry with Mecca. More broadly, learned Muslims living in the years following the Crusades knew that the great publicity given to *hadiths* extolling Jerusalem's sanctity resulted from the Countercrusade—that is, from political exigency—and treated it warily.

Recalling that God once had Muslims direct their prayers toward Jerusalem and then turned them instead toward Mecca, some early *hadiths* suggested that Muslims specifically pray facing away from Jerusalem, a rejection that still survives in vestigial form; he who prays in al-Aqsa Mosque not coincidentally shows his back to the Temple area toward which Jews pray.

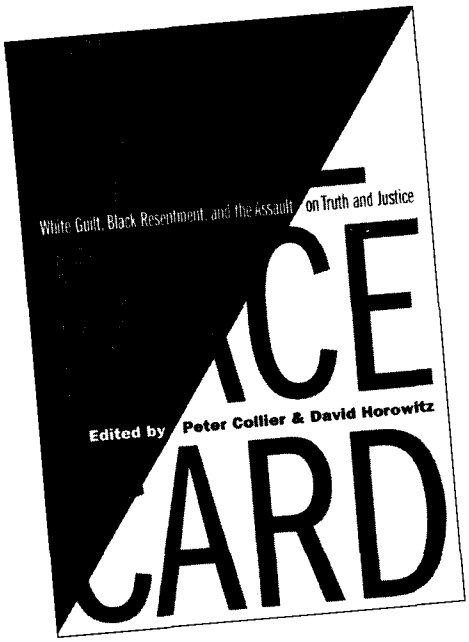
In Jerusalem, these theological and historical arguments are in essence legal claims, crucial to who prevails. In this context, the fact that politics has so long fueled the Muslim attachment to Jerusalem has two implications. First, it points to the relative weakness of the Islamic connection, one that arises as much from mundane need as from the immutable claims of faith. Second, it suggests that the Muslim interest lies not so much in controlling Jerusalem as in denying control over the city to anyone else. Jerusalem will never be more than a secondary city for Muslims.

Mecca, by contrast, is the eternal city of Islam, the place where Muslims believe Abraham nearly sacrificed Isaac's brother Ishmael and toward which Muslims pray five times each day. Non-Muslims are strictly forbidden there, and the city's "very mention reverberates awe in Muslims' hearts," writes Abad Ahmad of the Islamic Society of Central Jersey. Very roughly speaking, what Jerusalem is to Jews, Mecca is to Muslims. And just as Muslims rule an undivided Mecca, so Jews should rule an undivided Jerusalem. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This book shows how the race card is always dealt—off the bottom of the deck."

—RUSH LIMBAUGH

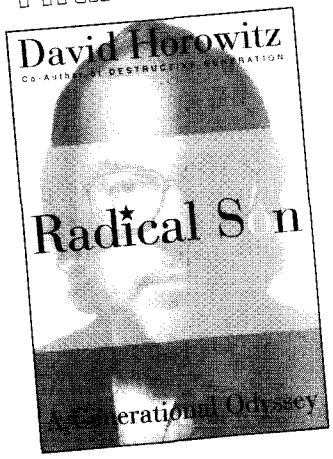


"A harrowing account of a journey across America's troubled racial landscape, now densely populated with double-dealing opportunists and incendiary crackpots. By exposing these charlatans, Horowitz and Collier point the way to a rehabilitation of the good name of civil rights."

—DINESH D'SOUZA

Published by Prima Publishing
Available at local bookstores;
or call (800) 632-8676 to order copies.

Fifth Printing



Published by The Free Press
Available-at local bookstores; or
call (800) 526-7022 to order copies.

"*Radical Son* is the most remarkable testament of its kind since Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*." —*THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR*

"An epic tale. . . . [Horowitz] is one of those who did not return from Hell with empty hands." —*NATIONAL REVIEW*

"A powerful and moving book, a riveting memoir full of harrowing personal detail." —*THE NEW CRITERION*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why the successors would be worse.

THE MEN WHO WOULD BE NEWT

By Hanna Rosin

The conjunction of e-mail and politics creates curious subcultures. On Capitol Hill, it seems to have made the horse-race metaphor literal, turning clean-cut staffers into scheming bookies. There has been for a while now on the Hill a cyberspace pool to guess the day Speaker Newt Gingrich will step down. Now, a new pool has been launched to bet on who will get the job when Gingrich goes. Danny, a Republican staffer whose name has been changed, started the pool out of his profits from winning his office's NCAA pool and has divided Gingrich's would-be successors loosely into teams. Majority Leader Dick Armey and Whip Tom DeLay are the Texas Lizards, Armey for his snakeskin boots, and DeLay for his amphibian cackle. The team called the Peppy Boys is made up of Bill Paxon and John Kasich, the caffeinated younger members of the leadership circle. John Boehner, chairman of the House Republican Conference, is Cabana Boy, named for his year-round tan. Bob Livingston is the long-shot Dark-Horse, so-called for his wicked temper. And Henry Hyde is the Light Horse, for his airy metaphysical speeches.

It's a good, well-organized pool, with lots of options. Participants can bet on separate races—Armey vs. Kasich vs. Boehner vs. Livingston for speaker, or DeLay vs. Boehner for whip. A lively punter can mix and match, picking, say, Armey over Kasich, but Kasich over Boehner and Livingston over Armey. The most ambitious compile all-star teams, putting together entire slates. The bets cost $10 for an individual race, $50 for a team. So far, most of the money is on one slate: Armey for speaker, Paxon for majority leader, DeLay stays as whip ($1,050 total). A surprising number of bettors (six) have picked Hyde for speaker ("a cop-out choice," says Danny of Illinois's elder statesman, who is widely regarded as the classiest of the field, but probably too old). Three each picked Livingston and Boehner.

But not many people have entered the pool, which tips Danny off to a curious thing. For all the scheming and caballing there has been recently to get rid of Newt, it seems very few people are excited enough about any of the Newt manqués to put hard cash on them. As Danny is the first to admit, interest in the race has been lackluster. "People talk a lot, but they're not willing to put their money where their mouth is," he says. "Some people have even asked for their money back."

The race to succeed Gingrich is, of course, still on. The idea was bandied openly at a recent Republican leadership press conference presided over by Majority Leader Armey. "Which of you men standing there will be the next speaker?" came the question, shouted from somewhere at the back of the room. For an endless minute, Armey glanced at the domed ceiling, then shifted his weight in his snakeskin boots, then looked back at his colleagues, who stood frozen. A cameraman checked his focus, somebody dropped a pen. "Oh, my gracious," Armey said finally. "That's so far in the future that I think we'll be retired, don't you?"

While no one will admit they really want Newt's job, members of the leadership have started indiscreetly eying each other like rival steeds, crudely sizing up their competitors before the big race. Jealously, they record each other's aggressive moves—new staffers hired, new legislation announced. Bitterly, they scan the papers and apportion blame for each morning's nasty anonymous quotes. The hopefuls dispatch their lieutenants to scour the House floor, heed the grass-roots concerns. They whisper promises of Hill pork—pay raises and perks. After a retreat in Hershey, Pennsylvania, in March, a Democratic member reported that several Republicans, including Boehner and DeLay, both in the running for speaker, floated the idea of loosening the House's strict gift ban, which prohibits all gifts, no matter how small. (When the idea was reported, they all denied it.)

But the race for the speaker's chair is a peculiarly hesitant sort of race; none of the runners wants to appear even an inch out ahead. Their caution reflects the climate. There is a sudden chill in the air on the Hill; a newfound skittishness among the Neuter-Newts. The eleven Republican House members who, in March, bucked Gingrich's resolution on committee spending, then bragged about it in the papers, have clammed up. Even Peter King, the New York Republican who called Gingrich "road kill" in the *Weekly Standard* at the end of March, seemed more subdued after this week's recess. "I'm a good Catholic, and I believe in redemption," he said on "Face the Nation." "If Newt can get on a path to redemption, then I can go with him."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's bringing the flock—tentatively—back to Gingrich is not renewed faith in the leader. It is, rather, a horror just dawning on the once-giddy apostates. What if the men who are scheming to replace Newt are even worse than he is?

This terrible thought descended on one moderate member a few weeks ago. It was just before recess, and he and a fellow agitator were standing on the House floor discussing with some amazement how far Gingrich had fallen in two years. Their talk soon turned to the future. "We ran down who would potentially be the next speaker, and we realized that, barring a miracle, we were in trouble," one of them recalls. "I mean, think about it—Armey, DeLay, Boehner? They're the real reptile conservatives." Suddenly one of the two men spotted Gingrich walking through the door. As the member recalls, the tone of their talk took a sharp turn toward the nostalgic; Gingrich may have been a lost cause to them, but he was already missed. It was all they could do to hold back a teary-eyed salute. "We felt like the Sam Rayburn statue had jumped off its pedestal and walked onto the House floor. It was like seeing a famous, respected elder, like Ronald Reagan or someone."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Especially for moderates, fear of the unknown has prompted a panicked, backtracking defense of Gingrich. "The moderates feel they can deal honestly and fairly with Gingrich," says Kevin Wheeler, spokesman for New York Republican Sherwood Boehlert, "and they wouldn't necessarily feel the same way about his successors." Consider their options. Dick Armey is Gingrich's heir apparent; "It's Armey's to lose," says a senior Republican staffer. But Armey could lose it: the more Republican moderates see of the majority leader, the less moderate he appears.

Armey knows he has a problem, and lately the Texas Lizard has been working hard (with the help of a doting staff) to shed his skin. His handlers are known to be the best on Capitol Hill—smart, efficient and dedicated to the neverending task of polishing a diamond who remains stubbornly in the very, very rough. Since last summer, when Armey took over the daily functionings of the House, they have rededicated themselves to the chore, smoothing Armey's ragged edges, calming his cowboy temper. Armey has lost fifteen pounds and chucked his two polyester rep ties ("the staff was sick of seeing them," says spokeswoman Michele Davis) for silk ones. "I don't do anger," Armey told *The Washington Post* for his coming-out profile last May. "In my whole career here I cannot recall a time when I was angry."

Sometimes, Armey's outreach looks remarkably like campaigning. Two months ago, he gathered five moderate and urban Republicans in a House meeting room to watch a twenty-minute videotape of his latest television appearances on "Meet the Press" and "Fox Morning News." Rick Lazio, Bob Franks, Mike Castle and Jennifer Dunn came, and a few others, including Susan Molinari, received a copy later. Armey's staff had compiled the clip-tape after one of them had read that *Standard* Editor Bill Kristol had criticized Armey as a bad party spokesman. The point was to show that Kristol's "perception is dated," as one staff member put it.

Armey's advisers say the viewing of the Dick Armey calvacade of hits was nothing more than general self-improvement. "Look, he's a national figure," says Davis, "and it's natural for him to want to communicate what the party stands for." All perfectly true. But in these times where nothing but subtle scheming is allowed, reaching out and campaigning are indistinguishable. And the target audience understands that. "The real reason was to meet, get together, suck up to the majority leader for half an hour, and have him suck up to you," says one staffer who saw the tape. "I don't see anything nefarious in it. If you're the majority leader, it's not unrealistic that you would some day be in line to be the speaker."

And Armey's supporters, of course, know he is running. "If the race happens over the next couple of months, Armey would nail it down," says one Republican. "He is the heir apparent, and the moderates are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleased with his efforts at seeking their advice.... He's 100 times better. He's got a good sense of humor, he knows the facts, he's lost a lot of weight, he's looking the role a little better." Another Armey booster dreams of a pleasing scenario. "Paxon would make a good number two," he says. "Paxon's light and Armey's strong, and they complement each other. Paxon knows the political organization, and Armey knows the policy. Paxon is telegenic, and Armey has the gravitas. He would be able to get the members together and say we're not leaving this room until we have a deal. They dovetail pretty well, and there's a growing sense that that's where it's going."

And Armey is good at Capitol Hill's internal politics. He has dozens of junior members who owe him a favor. He gave $780,000 to congressional candidates in the last election, raised over $3 million in over 100 districts and donated $750,000 to the National Republican Congressional Committee from his own campaign. He goes out of his way to tend his young flock, making cameo appearances like his surprise showing, last session, at a retreat of the adoring GOP freshmen.

But, despite all of the majority leader's politicking, many moderates remain deeply skeptical. The newly winsome ways and the pastel ties have not convinced them he's not the carnivorous conservative he always was. One member who saw a copy of the videotape says he still does not trust Armey. "He may give in sometimes out of necessity," the member explains. "But you can't change his mind on anything. He's basically inflexible." Now and then, Armey can still be heard fuming that Gingrich caved on the minimum wage and plotting to bring it back down again. And even those who agree with him admit he's a two-note bore. "Less government, lower taxes, that's about all you ever hear from him," says a senior conservative staffer. "His notion of coming up with a new idea is 'Call Milton Friedman.' "

So far at least, Armey's campaign of sober moderation has only made people nostalgic for Gingrich's quirkiness. "You would lose all of the negatives of Gingrich, but you would lose all the positives as well," says one Republican lobbyist. "Armey could keep the House running procedurally, but it would get pretty boring."

Then there's Tom DeLay. Out of cordial Texan respect, DeLay would probably not challenge Armey, but he keeps his tentacles sticky, just in case. At a whip meeting last month, he went around the room asking all members the level of support for Gingrich in their districts. For most Republicans, having DeLay as speaker would be an unmitigated disaster. But for conservatives, who now account for the loudest grumbling about Gingrich, he is, as one puts it, a "dream pick." "He is trusted by conservatives more than any other member of leadership," says one conservative member. All the places where Gingrich failed them, they know DeLay will deliver. "Don't count him out," warns one Republican close to Armey. "The conservative base is disaffected, and they are holding people responsible." On the issues they care about—defunding the National Endowment for the Arts, paring down the IRS—"they trust DeLay more than anyone."

You can see why. DeLay is the unfiltered id of Republicanism, the conservative-in-the-raw that some in the party have long wanted to see in power. Maybe because he's from a bomb-proof Republican district, maybe because he's crazy enough to do it, DeLay relishes his role as party guinea pig. Ideas that the more respectable members are too embarrassed to discuss are handed to DeLay. He floats the strange balloons, and cackles wildly as they burst over his head. DeLay as speaker, unfettered by supremacy, would be like Beavis unchained from Butthead; absent the tempering influence, fires would flare, the House would crumble. All the heat that singed Gingrich over the tax cuts idea was meant for DeLay. The two had met in the House gym one morning and discussed the idea. They decided DeLay would bring it up at a whip meeting, then make an announcement. Instead, Gingrich let it slip at a press conference and got clobbered.

In another incident in early March, DeLay bubbled up with the deranged idea to target certain federal judges for impeachment. The idea of curbing judicial activism had been brewing for years in conservative circles; some may have even thought impeachment was warranted. But no member of Congress except DeLay had ever been loony enough to say it. "They loved it," DeLay said the day after his announcement, when asked what his colleagues thought of his plan. "They think I'm a god on this one." This may have been true, but it could not be admitted. The next week, sober Trent Lott, appearing in his role as the little arsonist's sorrowful pa, was obliged to announce that the Republican Congress would not, in fact, embark on a campaign to impeach judges whose decisions it found annoying. But Lott's corrective hasn't curbed DeLay's crusade. He's lately been handing out a how-to pamphlet titled, in white on a blaring red cover: "IMPEACHMENT!" and published by an obscure printer in Aledo, Texas. The normal standard for impeaching judges—"high crimes and misdemeanors"—has been interpreted too strictly, the book argues. Really it only means "mal-conduct," "misbehavior." In fact, "an impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment," the book advises. It's not surprising that even many Republicans find the idea of DeLay leading that majority a little frightening.

The last of the blazingly ambitious ones is John Boehner, Republican from Ohio. He is a man with many enemies. Almost everything that's gone sour in the last two years, revolution party leaders blame on Boehner, and he snipes back just as viciously. As conference chair, Boehner was tapped by Gingrich to handle the revolution propaganda. And because of the revolutionaries' obsession with the media, Boehner was (unfairly) blamed whenever the message wasn't getting through. From school lunches to the budget to taxes—it was, as one devotee said, "his packaging that failed."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his colleague's eyes, Boehner is reduced to his caricature. When asked about him, many will mention the elite clique of lobbyists he hangs out with, most of them former White House staffers under Bush. "He likes to sun on the beach with oil and a towel with his buddies around him," says one Republican lobbyist. "No one wants a party boy as speaker."

Boehner is also faulted for being a little too open about his ambitions. Rumors of his treachery abound; one story has it that he insists he will resign his seat if he does not become the next speaker. His staff denies this, and it is surely an exaggeration. Nevertheless, Gingrich's staff is still fuming about a nasty bit of Boehner subversion. At a recent press conference, the Republican leadership was ready to announce its new five-step plan for "Creating a Better America for Ourselves and Our Children." Both Gingrich and Tom Blank, his new press secretary, were at another meeting, so a junior staffer handed Boehner the release to read. He began: "The speaker's office has determined this is the agenda." In the arcane world of House etiquette, this was shocking. "It was like saying, 'a bunch of staff people in Gingrich's office have determined,' " says a Gingrich staffer. "He could have said 'leadership,' or 'the speaker' but the 'speaker's office'?"

These men are the scariest of Newt's rivals. The other contenders are flawed only for being too young, too inexperienced or too gentle. John Kasich, the hyperkinetic chairman of the Budget Committee and a balanced budget fanatic, is clearly running for something. He recently married a woman he had been dating for eight years, and the buzz at his wedding was all about Kasich 2000, according to a member who attended. Coyly, Kasich is dropping presidential hints. He has started a leadership PAC to raise money. He's working on a book, *Angels On Our Shoulders*, about average Americans leading heroic lives, which his agent modestly describes as the next *Profiles in Courage*. Pollster Frank Luntz describes Kasich's wife as the next Jackie Kennedy in a piece in *The Washington Post*, one of many puffy profiles.

Kasich even has his bootstrap myth down pat—born in a blue-collar suburb of Pittsburgh, grandfather a steelworker, father the town mailman. And he's already started gladhanding all comers, an excessively democratic a habit that irritates Republican colleagues. He campaigned in thirty-eight states, and not only for Republicans. He planned to speak at a fund-raiser for Democrat Gary Condit, until it was canceled. Conservatives spy a phony; one complains that "he's never worked a day in the private sector in his life." But for most Republicans, he is their future. And Kasich doesn't deny it. In the *Post* profile, he reminded readers that he passed up two opportunities to run for Senate so he could wait for "a potentially bigger opportunity."

Kasich may be getting ahead of himself. "He's too juvenile," says a Democrat who works with him often. "He talks before he thinks. It's like he has an attention deficit problem. It's impossible for him to focus on anything for more than twenty seconds without him doddering," but, he adds, "those things are treatable." In fact, Kasich's Ohio colleagues live in fear of being trapped next to him on the flight home, since he won't sit still.

Then there are Bill Paxon and Henry Hyde, both in the running more by virtue of spontaneous outbursts from supporters than through any of their own campaigning. "Frankly, I think Bill Paxon is doing a great job of smiling and looking forward," Congressman John Shadegg said recently, unprompted. "He is a great leader." Paxon, a telegenic young Republican from New York, is a trusted conservative with a trusted moderate congresswoman wife, Susan Molinari, and a trusted staff, and thus offends no one. The same is true for Hyde, in a different form. Hyde would never run for speaker, but, as the House's elder statesman, he could chaperone the place until it got on its feet. However, "after Gingrich," says one conservative member, "choosing Hyde would be like admitting defeat, like going back to live at your parents' house."

Meanwhile, Gingrich is back from China, buoyed and refreshed. The trip went well, the press was good, he even overshadowed Vice President Gore. Cheerfully, his press team works overtime faxing out upbeat dispatches: "FYI—Some coverage from this week," they read, and include "NEWT'S TOUR DE FORCE" from *The Wall Street Journal*, "ASIA HEARD THE CRY: LET NEWT BE NEWT" from *The Washington Times* and a transcript of Gingrich's spontaneous interview with Rush Limbaugh, bashing the IRS.

But the signs of the old dark side are lurking. The portion of the transcript the press team didn't send out deals with a slightly less substantive issue: Bill Kristol. "I think he has become sort of the most destructive element on the right," Gingrich sputtered on Limbaugh. "I don't know of any conservative who's a serious person who isn't frankly worried about what's happening at the *Weekly Standard* and Kristol's passion for destroying Republicans." And there are other reminders of that bleak paranoia, the gloomy retreat. No longer do staffers scramble for chairs at the weekly leadership meetings, since they've been closed to everyone but members and senior staff for fear of "backbiting and leaking," explains one Gingrich adviser.

For once, Gingrich's paranoia may be justified. The speaker is flailing less because of his own flaws than because of his hopeless position. He's got a hair-thin majority, so he needs every vote. But the bickering among his colleagues makes him look mature. The conservatives want a bloody head by next week: either an IRS bureaucrat's or Alec Baldwin's, who pleaded the case for the NEA with Gingrich last month. The moderates, on the other hand, want exactly the opposite; twenty-eight of them have signed a letter asking that tax cuts be delayed, and the NEA is the last of their concerns. The tension is growing. Two weeks ago, two drunk members accosted Tom Coburn, one of the eleven members who broke ranks, and slurred something along the lines of, "You think you're so goddamn sanctimonious." With this kind of playground drooling, none of Gingrich's potential successors would have much hope either. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rise of the medical ethicist.

WHEN WE WERE PHILOSOPHER KINGS

By Ruth Shalit

Jonathan Moreno liked his job as an associate professor of philosophy at George Washington University. But after ten years of tutoring undergraduates on the fine points of moral obligation, the young scholar grew restless. "I would sit in my office, literally four blocks away from the White House, and think: 'I might as well be in Topeka,' " Moreno recalls. "For me, the distance between academic philosophy and public affairs was a gulf."

Professor Moreno found salvation when he became a resident ethicist at SUNY Health Science Center in Brooklyn. These days, he spends much of his time in the intensive care unit: advising doctors, counseling the genetic counselors, soothing fretful patients with daily doses of moral uplift. "Sure, it's great to teach undergrads," says Moreno. "I know it's a public service and all that. But here's an opportunity for philosophers really to be vital in the affairs of society. It's too good to resist."

As a practitioner of a new medical specialty known as "clinical ethics," Moreno joins the burgeoning cadre of academics who are making the leap from the blackboard to the bedside. Advocates of clinical ethics argue that moral decisions involving patient care are too complex and intricate to be left to doctors, and should instead be managed by a new professional cohort of in-house moral experts. Armed with techniques to "prevent ethical problems before they occur," in the words of one promotional pamphlet, the philosopher-ethicists aspire to a secular role comparable to that once played by religion. But there is a crucial distinction between the old men of the cloth and the new. The ministers understood that their role was limited to matters non-medical: saving souls, guiding prayers, comforting the dying and the grieving. The clinical ethicists, though, regard themselves as authorities in the medical as well as the pastoral sphere: in their view, an ethicist's advice on moral matters carries the same weight as that of a surgical consultant in his specialty. "If you're a cardiologist, and a foot problem arises, you may call in a consultant in that particular specialty to help identify the problem," explains Thomas May, an ethicist at the Memorial Medical Center in Springfield, Illinois. Similarly, moral quandaries beyond the grasp of doctors "will seem obvious to a philosopher," he says, "because, you see, we deal with these concepts every day."

More than mere advisers, these fee-for-service philosophers see themselves as experts, capable of passing judgment on what should and should not be done in matters of life and death. They weigh empirical data, parse risk-benefit ratios and wield "ethics case analysis grids" with algorithmic certainty. Those who have entered the guild are quick to warn moral rookies against the dangers of lay ethical analysis. "It simply is not within the purview of most patients and family members to understand the complex nature of the moral judgments facing them," sighs Nancy Dubler, a lawyer-ethicist for the Montefiore Medical Center and author of *Ethics on Call*, a book about her fledgling profession. "One would have to be able to abstract from what is, at this point, a rather large literature."

The problem with all this is basic. "Clinical ethics" is not medicine, which is to say it is not science, which is to say it is to a very large degree whatever anyone wants it to be. In attempting to make a medical profession out of the study of what is morally right and wrong, the ethicists confuse the empirical and the theoretical. A surgeon who recommends amputation of a gangrenous limb as the right procedure means by "right" an action that will save the patient's life. What a philosopher means by "right" is the action that is most moral. But these two "rights" are not equally absolute. The surgeon's recommendation rests on an agreed-upon set of facts and criteria: there is no question that amputation is the appropriate action in extreme cases of gangrene. The philosopher's recommendation depends on a set of criteria that is not agreed upon, but varies from culture to culture and, more and more, from individual to individual. One man's categorical imperative is another man's heresy.

This definitional confusion affects the ethicists' work across the board. For example, ethicists frequently are called upon to advise on contested questions about when life should end, a type of decision they claim to be entitled to make by dint of their superior knowledge and skills. When the views of the ethicists conflict with wishes of patients and their families, the ethicists may naturally be inclined to favor their own judgments: After all, who is the expert here? And there is the prob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lem of relevance. The professionalization of ethics, regulated by the federal government and supported by hospitals and insurers, has interposed between doctor and patient a new layer of bureaucracy. Doctors attempting to resolve basic questions of fact, and to assess proper medical treatment according to fact, increasingly find themselves instead wandering down Wittgensteinian byways and into Kantian cul-de-sacs—what constitutes life? what constitutes the ending of life? what constitutes the beginning of life? what constitutes the beginning of the ending of life? Finally, there is the problem of just whom, in their attempts to quantify the moral dimensions of medicine, the ethicists are really serving. A swelling corps of HMO utilitarians are cashing in on their ethical expertise, marketing their services to managed-care executives eager to dress up cost-cutting decisions in Latinate labels and lofty principles.

The discipline of clinical ethics was born in the aftermath of the right-to-die case of Karen Ann Quinlan, the New Jersey woman who languished for years in a comatose state as her family and her doctors fought out her fate in court. In 1976, the New Jersey Supreme Court suggested that, instead of litigating such hard cases as Quinlan's, hospitals should in the future rely on in-house ethics committees "composed of physicians, social workers, attorneys and theologians" to help them sort out right from wrong. Federal regulators in 1992 formalized the bureaucratization of ethics with a directive by the Joint Committee for the Accreditation of Health Care Organizations that required hospitals to have in place "a mechanism for the consideration of ethical issues arising in the care of patients."

In recent years, however, hospitals have moved away from unwieldy ethics committees, favoring instead the more user-friendly professional consultant. Over the past decade, an entire profession has grown up to meet this burgeoning bureaucratic need. Hospital administrators and risk managers today may choose among philosopher-ethicists, physician-ethicists, lawyer-ethicists and nurse-practitioner-ethicists—all struggling to rationalize their place in an ever-more crowded marketplace of would-be moral experts.

As the plethora of sub-specialists within the specialty suggests, there is nothing close to a universal educational standard for becoming an ethicist. It all depends on where you went to school, and what you want to call yourself. The University of Chicago offers a yearlong pathway to moral expertise, during which time aspiring ethicists immerse themselves in "analytical studies based on models of philosophy and legal reasoning," then sprint off to the intensive care unit for an ethical dry run. Ethics neophytes at the University of Virginia must slog their way though GSAS 601 ("A course for non-clinicians in basic anatomy, the process of disease through various organ systems..."); RELG 812 ("Reviews the basic ethical thought and theories of central figures in the Western tradition); and GSAS 515, a two-hour seminar that is, to put it mildly, ambitious in the questions it seeks to answer ("May 9: Death and Dying paper due.... Assignment for next class: View video, 'Who Should Survive?' ").

For those seeking a real shortcut to enlightenment, Georgetown University offers an "intensive" two-week summer program. The Virginia Bioethics Network offers a still-more compressed course—one week. And one week, Virginia Bioethics claims, is plenty: "Upon completion of the six-day ethics program," fellows will be equipped to "provide for an individualized method of case consultation for 'ethics emergencies.' "

Not surprisingly, many in medicine question the new specialists' professional competence and scientific standing. As James A. Tulsky and Carol B. Stocking noted in a 1996 article in *The Journal of Clinical Ethics*, ethics consultants have traditionally been reluctant to subject themselves to the kind of controlled clinical trials that would validate their claims to professional expertise. Ethicists, it seems, have ethical objections to being evaluated. "Ethical concerns are [a] major stumbling block to performing these trials," wrote the study's authors. "All consultants ... believe that this service provides a benefit. Some believe so firmly that it is a necessary good that they would be unwilling to allow potential subjects to be randomly assigned to a control group."

This high self-esteem is not, alas, borne out by the data. Asked to rate the ethics consult they had just participated in, over a third of patients and families pronounced the consult to be "not helpful": "I feel it wasted precious time I could've spent with my dying husband!" commented one beneficiary in a 1996 article published in *The American Journal of Medicine*. A 1993 study published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* further called into question the ethicists' claim to technocratic mastery: after polling 154 ethics consultants as to what they would recommend in seven hypothetical vignettes involving a patient in a persistent vegetative state, the survey's authors were startled to discover "little consensus" among the ethicists; for more than half the vignettes, there was not even a majority response. "[O]ur cases were specifically designed to be simple and unambiguous," noted the study's authors. "Even though consultants cannot be expected to agree about everything, they must surely agree about some things if we are to respect their role-specific expertise."

And doubts about the ethicists' moral and scientific authority seem to be growing. In the summer 1997 issue of *The Journal of Clinical Ethics*, Stanford University professor Barbara Koenig and four other researchers report the results of an extensive study of nine randomly selected ethics consultation cases. "In only two cases," concluded Koenig, " ... did the consultation process achieve a resolution that appeared to satisfy all participants." One case involving an elderly patient went especially awry. "While ethical principles including autonomy, beneficence, and non-maleficence may have informed the process of decision-making, family members and the physician clearly held different views of their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expression in action," wrote Koenig. Family members "were extremely angry about the ethics consultation proceedings; one family member referred to them as a 'big sham' in which the family had been 'railroaded.' "

Increasingly, families who have been the subject of clinical ethicists' decisions are suing them—and not for flawed medical practices, as is the norm in malpractice, but for what the families regard as wrongheaded moral decisions. In recent years, hospital ethics consultants have been named in at least five lawsuits, and criticized by a federal judge in a sixth. In the recent case of *Bland* v. *Cigna Health Plan*, for instance, a pulmonologist-ethicist was dragged into court after he unilaterally ordered that one James Bland's respirator be disconnected—despite the fact that Bland, a registered nurse in the final stages of AIDS-related pneumonia, had stated before lapsing into a coma that his greatest fear was death by suffocation; that his final wish, therefore, was that he be allowed to die peacefully while being ventilated. But Cigna wanted to move the comatose Bland from the hospital to a cheaper hospice, and Cigna's pulmonologist-ethicist advised that this was proper. About a half an hour after the ethicist ordered Bland's disconnection, Bland gasped for breath and died. The family promptly sued both Cigna and the cost-conscious ethicist; in 1995, the case was settled out of court for an undisclosed amount. Then there's the case of Brianne Rideout, a 3-year-old girl who in 1992 underwent treatment for a brain tumor at Pennsylvania's Hershey Medical Center. When Brianne lapsed into a stupor, the attending physician, after consulting with the hospital's ethics committee, informed Brianne's parents that their daughter's ventilator would be shut off. When the Rideouts vociferously objected, a consulting ethicist informed them that the hospital's decision was final. At the appointed hour, the Rideouts rushed to their daughter's room, where they were "restrained by hospital security guards and police officers as they thrashed and wailed," according to a newspaper account. As predicted, the child died shortly after the plug was pulled; and the Rideouts sued Hershey Medical Center. Last year, an appeals panel ruled for the Rideouts; according to the Rideouts' lawyer, the two parties are now approaching a settlement.

Asked about such debacles, ethics consultants bemoan a recent outbreak of moral quackery. To hear them tell it, a once-proud profession has been overrun by unemployed Kantians, pietistic housewives and burnt-out management consultants, all eager to reinvent themselves as Socrates on a meter. "I am horrified at the number of people out there who don't have appropriate training," says Nancy Dubler of Montefiore. "You want to just stamp your foot and say, 'Go away.' " Stuart Youngner, ethics consultant at the University Hospitals of Cleveland, warns darkly that "there are people out there who are doing this in a totally irresponsible way.... They're giving advice. They're writing on charts.... They are being hired and there has to be accountability." In hopes of protecting the public against ethical snake oil, Youngner and a colleague, Dr. Robert Arnold, head up the Society for Bioethics Consultation, which has convened a task force to explore the issue of standards. One idea is to draw up a code of ethics for ethics consultants, with punishments for practitioners of dubious competence.

But the real question is whether ethics consultation ought to be a profession in the first place. As Daniel Wikler of the University of Wisconsin points out, many of the problems ethicists regard as moral dilemmas are rooted in practical, not philosophical, concerns. During his three years as the chief ethicist for the University of Wisconsin Medical Center, Wikler found that, as he says, "the job made use of not one ounce of my many years of philosophical training." Once, for example, Wikler and his fellow members of the ethics committee convened to discuss what to do about a woman undergoing dialysis for kidney disease who failed to contact the hospital after her discharge in order to continue her dialysis, without which she would likely die. The committee's discussion centered around recondite issues such as the meaning of autonomy. "The big ethical dilemma was whether she had a right to withdraw voluntarily from treatment," Wikler recalls. "There was a lot of going back and forth over that. Finally I said, 'Well, why don't we knock on her door?' " When hospital personnel visited the woman's apartment, they found her in a dazed state. She was rushed to the hospital for immediate dialysis; Wikler had saved her life. "Now," he says, "the question is, Did my Ph.D. in moral philosophy set me up to ask that brilliant question?" Wikler concluded it had not. Now when he does an ethics consultation, he does it only as a "lay person." "The more I speak as a philosopher," he says, "the less useful anything turns out to be."

Too often, however, the ethicists are more enticed by theory than by practical questions of patient welfare. As the resident ethicist at St. Elizabeth's Health Center in Youngstown, Ohio, philosopher James Reagan liked to deliver carefully typed-out speeches on the importance of ethical principles. "I could not believe the rudeness," he says. "People were literally putting their heads down on the desk. It was very humiliating." The hapless ethicist fared no better when he tried to explain the moral fine points of withdrawing a patient from life support. "I knew from all of my learning and theory that the withholding of treatment does not, technically speaking, kill a patient," he says. "So I explained that when you withdraw a patient from a ventilator, it's not the withdrawal that causes the death, but the underlying condition you've started the ventilator to treat. I may have gotten a little bit into the four hypotheticals of double-effect reasoning." The response from the doctors was not all that Reagan had hoped for. "They jumped up and called me a murderer," he laments. "Physicians can be so wounding." Reagan says he later realized that, in his eagerness to limn the formal philosophical distinctions, he may have missed the point. "I was perhaps too dependent on intellectual categories," he laments. "What I didn't realize at the time is that, in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain cases, stopping the ventilator really *is* killing the patient."

As James Reagan belatedly discovered, the advice of an ethicist—unlike, say, the advice of a podiatrist—falls squarely into the most contested domain of social and public policy. Rawlsians and feminists; casuists and communitarians: all have their divergent visions of what individuals should find life worth living for, or be willing to live with. And these visions will not always coincide with the wishes of the patient, much less the consensus of society.

Consider the personal journey of John Fletcher, chief ethics consultant for the University of Virginia Medical Center. Ordained as an Episcopal minister in his hometown of Birmingham, Alabama, Fletcher quickly came to realize he was not cut out for the ministry, and resigned his ordination. "I'm not an enemy of religion," he explains. "But I must maintain my distance in order to maintain my sanity."

Several colleagues say that Fletcher's strong secular emphasis colors his consulting. A physician at the UVA Medical Center recalls the case of a 15-year-old girl in the late stages of metastatic cancer who was refusing to endure yet another round of toxic and painful chemotherapy. Her parents wanted her to undergo the treatment. Did the girl have the right to refuse? A meeting was called between the patient, her family, the treatment team and Fletcher, the ethics consultant on duty. "The family clearly had religious beliefs," recalls the physician, who was in the room at the time. "And John proceeded to ridicule those beliefs.... At one point, the mother turned to him and said, 'Don't you think there's a chance that God will cure her?' And John looked her straight in the eye and barked out, 'No!' " The girl, who had by this point already decided to go through with the treatment, ran out of the room in tears. Fletcher says he did the right thing: "I felt I had to confront the mother," he says. "Sometimes people need a little jolt."

Another example: many families, particularly those of Asian ancestry, believe that a dying child, or grandparent, should not be told they are dying. Ethicists, whose training puts heavy stress on the value of autonomy, often feel differently. Nancy Dubler of Montefiore says that, when families are reluctant to tell a loved one he or she is dying, it's usually because "they can't deal with their own feelings and sorrows." I asked Dubler how she would handle the case of a family who fervently believed that the unvarnished truth would snuff out a beloved grandmother's will to strive. "What I'll usually do in that situation is sit down with the family," Dubler says. "I'll explain Grandma's rights to know information about her condition.... Then I'll explain that, over the past few years, there have been a number of quite exquisite studies to show that people who are dying know they are dying. Then, if that still doesn't convince them, I'll tell some stories, some vignettes out of my experience; out of the literature. Then, if the family remains adamant, I'll say to them, 'Well, let's go ask Grandma.' We'll ask her, if there's bad news, does she want it? Oftentimes, Grandma says yes." What if Grandma still says ignorance is bliss? Would Dubler then spill the beans? "I think I would, in some circumstances ... yeah, I think I would," she mused. "The crowd I work with is generally inclined to tell their patients the facts about their condition."

It's this attitude of superior virtue that raises serious questions about the place of ethical expertise in a liberal democracy. "If you take democracy seriously, then the basic rule is that every philosopher is simply a citizen, and every citizen a philosopher, capable of making decisions that reflect his or her conscientiously held beliefs," argues Giles Scofield, a law professor at Pace University. Scofield, as it happens, is also the former ethics consultant for the University of Colorado Medical Center. "We'd all be sitting there, having some sort of conversation, and then, when I spoke up, they would look at me as if I knew what I was talking about, and the rest of them didn't," he says. "I'm a smart guy, but I'm not God. I felt uncomfortable in that position." After a year, Scofield fled Boulder. "I was the Shell answerman," he says. "And I didn't like it. I didn't like feeling that I had more power than any one person should have."

Finally, and most disturbingly, there is the matter of ethics-for-hire. Increasingly, medical-ethics consultants are being retained by HMOs to assist them in decisions about grievance cases, risk management and "noncompliant patients." Robert Wagener of the Center for Medical Ethics and Mediation in San Diego says that for-profit HMOs striving to do the right thing compose an ever-increasing share of his clientele. "The movement away from traditional fee-for-service care ... has raised ... complex issues," writes Wagener in a 1997 journal article. "These issues give new meaning to the struggle between the ethical principles of autonomy, beneficence, distributive justice, and fidelity." Wagener, whose conversation is an exuberant mélange of John Stuart Mill and *Getting to Yes*, could not be more enthusiastic about the changes afoot. "There is a much higher consciousness about the ethics of managing scarce fiscal resources," he says. "Now, notice that I never say, 'saving dollars.' I say, 'managing resources.' "

The explosion of HMOs has indeed created deep moral problems for health-care providers and doctors. But is an ethicist who is himself on an HMO's payroll really in the best position to adjudicate them? Wagener says, sure. "What I try to do is help case managers to listen more carefully," he explains. "I help them separate out what I like to call the presenting issue from what I call the underlying issue."

I asked Wagener for an example of how this works in practice. "Well," he said, "a particular experimental therapy may not be appropriate, or may not fit the pathway that's clinically indicated." As Wagener tells it, a client of his recently called to ask for advice about a young brain cancer victim who hankered for a treatment that the HMO did not cover, because it considered the intervention to be "experimental." That's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where Wagener came in. "I helped this client to understand that the young woman's desire for this therapy was merely the presenting issue," he explains. "The underlying issue was her fear of dying of brain cancer. And until arrangements were made ... to have this member talk to, perhaps, a psychiatric social worker about the underlying issue, we would all get tied up in knots over the presenting issue—when, really, that's not what this argument is about at all."

Some observers might wonder if the presenting issue in cases of this sort might be the HMO's desire to deny coverage; the underlying issue, the desire to dress up that decision so that it sounded good. "If an HMO wants to come up with an argument that sounds good, and they're willing to pay enough money, there are ethicists out there who will provide them with that argument," says John Golenski, president of the for-profit Bioethics Consultation Group. "You should see some of these guys who want you to come in there and bless what they're doing," he chuckles. "It's like asking the priest to come in and bless the baby in the Mafia."

According to Golenski, image-conscious HMOs are feeling increasingly free to shop around for an ethicist who suits them. "We've been invited in to talk to a number of organizations," he says. "And we've talked to them about what we believe to be a fundamental ethical problem with their policies. All of a sudden, it's '*hasta la vista.*' ... They never want to hear from you again."

Several years ago, Golenski and his firm accepted PacifiCare's invitation to conduct a daylong ethics retreat for its senior management in Orange County. PacifiCare is California's largest for-profit HMO; and, in preparation for the retreat, Golenski carefully reviewed the company's written practices and policies. What he saw troubled him, he says. "They were using aggressive marketing to skim all the good risk from the market," he says. At the retreat, Golenski says he raised his concern. "We said, basically, that yes, they had a nice bottom line, but at some point they might want to start taking care of sick people." The prescription didn't go over well. "Their Medicare risk managers started glowering at us," Golenski says. "They kept saying, 'there must be ways in which we can categorically not do this.' " The ethicist was not invited back.

Dr. William Osheroff, a family practitioner turned corporate honcho, serves as PacifiCare's medical director and is as well the director of its newly formed ethics committee. Even over the telephone, Osheroff's aura of twinkly jocularity is palpable: on my voice mail, he twice urges me to "give me a jingle"; his secretary, meanwhile, encourages me to call him "Dr. O." But when it comes to discussion of ethics in managed care, the good doctor turns quite serious. While he readily admits that PacifiCare's very public embrace of bioethics—an internal committee, a "values statement," a rotating stable of in-house consultants—is "a great marketing tool," he is adamant that his company's focus on moral matters is more than cosmetic. "We are putting our decisions in a values context," he says. "Yes, we value individual autonomy. But we also value community well-being. And our continued ability to, ah, manage resources." This goal is achieved, Osheroff proposes, by "having more of this ethics stuff, rather than less."

Asked about John Golenski's account of the unpropitious ethics retreat, the expansive Dr. O becomes uncharacteristically taciturn. "I can't recall what was said and what wasn't," he says. "All I can tell you is that we opted not to work with him." Pressed further on the substance of Golenski's critique, Osheroff offers to fax me PacifiCare's "values statement."

Apparently unsure whether or not he has convinced me, Osheroff offers one final example of the virtues of PacifiCare's ethics consultation program. Several years ago, he explains, PacifiCare was agonizing over whether or not to cover treatment of Turner's syndrome, a chromosomal abnormality that causes growth hormone deficiency in girls. While Turner's syndrome does not cause dwarfism, it does significantly impair growth: the average height of a woman with Turner's syndrome is 4'8". It has been established that if Turner's syndrome babies are injected regularly with a human growth hormone, they will grow an average of four extra inches. When the FDA approved this method of treatment in 1993, PacifiCare had a problem on its hands. "I can tell you that it runs about $18,000 an inch to grow these kids," explains Dr. O. "Now, is that a legitimate expenditure for people who pool their money to pay for health care? That's why this was such an ethical conflict."

After conducting a review of the technology, Osheroff made a discovery: he learned that pediatricians are now able to map out the projected growth curve of individual Turner's syndrome babies, from infancy to adulthood. After considerable soul-searching and anguish, he made a tentative decision: PacifiCare would cover growth hormone for Turner's syndrome, but only for those cases in which the child was projected to grow to 4'10" or less. Pleased with himself, Osheroff presented his Solomonic solution to Fred Tillotson, one of several outside ethics consultants who sit on PacifiCare's ethics committee. "I'll never forget that moment," says Osheroff. "Fred Tillotson just looked at me. He looked me straight in the eye and he said, 'Are you God? What gives you the right? *What gives you the right* to make a decision like that? How can you justify saying no to one—and yes to the other?' "

Osheroff, duly chastened, began to reconsider his decision. "And I thought, well, wait a minute," he says. "We want these kids to be taller. Well, what about little Freddy, whose ears stick out? We don't cover that. What about Gus, who's self-conscious about his bald spot? What about Grandma, who wants laser surgery to get rid of her crow's-feet?"

The ethical solution—clear, elegant, positively Kantian in its simplicity—hit both Osheroff and Tillotson at the same time. "We realized that if we did it for one child, we'd have to do it for every child," Osheroff says. "And so, you see, unfortunately, we can't cover it at all." •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HARD QUESTIONS

Piracy isn't what it used to be

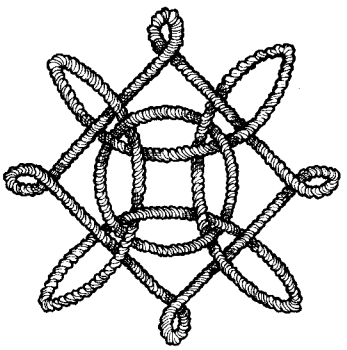
All history is revisionist. We regularly rediscover the past, see things from a different perspective, find new ways to compare ourselves with distant ancestors. Social criticism commonly depends on such comparisons, and what American social critics need today are good republican ancestors, independent, responsible citizens who might shame us out of our cynicism and apathy and inspire in us a little more commitment to at least the idea of the common good. Historians no doubt do what they can to find such ancestors, but they are constrained by their commitment to the factual record. Every once in a while, though, they turn up a wonderfully useful story.

Consider the early eighteenth-century pirates, Blackbeard and friends, as they have been rediscovered by colonial historians and nautical archaeologists. The pirates are still what they always were: freebooters and seafaring adventurers who plundered the merchant ships that crisscrossed the Caribbean and the western Atlantic. It is their politics that are now being rediscovered and transformed. Until now, in film and story, pirate society was a kind of entrepreneurial despotism. Great captains like Blackbeard governed their crews with an iron hand. Not so, we are now told (though Blackbeard may be an exception to the new rule). A pirate ship was more like "a floating democratic commonwealth," or so says Kenneth Kinkor, a researcher studying the salvage from a ship that sank off Cape Cod in 1717. Kinkor is obviously the kind of revisionist historian social critics love, and his findings were happily hailed in *The New York Times*.

His evidence is fragmentary but persuasive. "Articles of agreement," which served as a kind of social contract between pirate crews and their captain, mandated a relatively egalitarian distribution of the plunder: two shares for the captain, one and a half for the quartermaster, one for each of the seamen, with extra provision for crew members wounded in battle. Jewelry found in the Cape Cod wreck had been hacked into small pieces—presumably so that it could be divided fairly among the crew.

But the critical evidence is the ship's bell, hauled up from the wreck, which Kinkor interprets in accordance with the realtor's maxim: location is everything. Regulating life at sea, the bell was usually placed on warships and merchant ships near the captain's cabin. In the Cape Cod wreck, however, it was found near the seamen's quarters. And since he who controls time controls work, as any good shop steward knows, this seems to indicate a ship run at least in part by its crew.

Let's assume this account is true. Now imagine what piracy would be like in America today—extrapolating from contemporary corporate practices. A small group of companies would own all or almost all the ships, running them out of offices in New York, with branch offices in places like Miami and Panama City and banks in Barbados. The company CEOs would get the largest share of the plunder, on a ratio of, say, 100 to 1 for ordinary seamen. Merchant ships would be tracked by computer, and attacks would be planned in the company offices, so the pirate captains would have little independence. Nonetheless, as representatives of management, they would get ten shares; the quartermaster or his modern equivalent, in charge of storage and preliminary assessment of all goods seized, would get five.



The seamen's shares would be the problem these days. What with the CEOs and the middle managers in New York, and the computer experts, and the people running the branch offices, and assorted lawyers and public relations specialists (what is the best euphemism for piracy?), there would be a lot of pressure on the bottom group to accept cutbacks. In the age of pirate democracy, the near equality of shares was probably guaranteed by the threat of mutiny. But there would not be many mutinies today. Companies would simply send out replacement crews. The first attempts at replacement might be a little bloody, but, with the help of friendly governments, the practice would soon become routine.

Slowly, the seamen's share of the total plunder would get smaller and smaller. The number of seamen would be cut, discipline tightened, the crews worked harder—the ship's bell would be firmly in the captain's control. Perhaps seamen would only get half a share for their first voyage, or for their first year or two at sea. They would be paid in scrip; no one would think of taking apart a Cartier necklace. And there would be no extra allocation for wounded seamen; they would just be dropped off after the battle at the nearest island clinic and promptly dismissed.

I am sure that my comparison is too pat, just as the discovery of floating democracies is too convenient. But there is a point worth considering here. *The New York Times* report on this piece of revisionist history was written as a celebration, as if the reporter was enjoying himself, as he should have been. Here was a set of early Americans about whom we could finally be happy. If they were criminals, they were at least democratic criminals, recognizably akin to the people who, only a few decades later, organized the Boston Tea Party, fought the Revolution, staged the Whiskey Rebellion, argued furiously over the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Their floating democracy was of a piece with, say, an artisans' shop in early New York, the workers independent, high-spirited and intolerant of hierarchy.

People like that are in short supply today. They certainly don't make much of an appearance in the economic world; the contemporary counterparts of the old pirates don't look much like commonwealth men. Nor do more ordinary working men and women look like that; they have not succeeded in seizing the ship's bells or redistributing the plunder.

So this piece of revisionist history allows me to pose some critical questions about the economic life of a republic like ours. What kind of work environments produce engaged and active, independent and responsible men and women? Or, just as importantly, what kind of work environment will such people produce for themselves? If they are strong, self-confident and capable of mutiny, won't they demand some version of a democratic commonwealth? And if they don't do that, or can't, what kind of citizens will they be?

Of course, pirates weren't citizens at all; they were a commonwealth of thieves. Yet if the revisionist story is right, I can easily imagine them as active citizens—more easily, in fact, than I can the beaten-down, modern-day crews of corporate America. Radical inequalities of wealth and power make for a weak and passive citizenship. Radical equalities, even at the margins of the law, evoke happier adventures.

MICHAEL WALZER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Acting and Offending

What is soap opera? To call it kitsch is only to move the job of definition into a much larger area: better to stick with the original term. Soap opera, let's say, is a story dealing with familiar people and experiences, arranged in a dependable rhythm of crises; and it evokes an underlying confidence that we will be stimulated but not torn, that there is an authority, a vicar for divinity, to ensure that things will come out well for most of the characters we care about. Withers must be wrung, but then must be unwrung. Skeletally, of course, this definition includes lots of invaluable works—Dickens, for prime instance. Then what's the difference between Dickens and soap opera? Something that is much harder to define: texture.

All the above is just to rid me of a slight embarrassment for enjoying **Inventing the Abbotts** (20th Century Fox). In outline this film is pure soap opera: it's just one more small-town saga of high-school romances and troubles, followed to and through college so that we can see the people who were youngsters when the saga started finding the roads that will probably carry them through life. Kazan's *Splendor in the Grass* (1961) is a prototype.

In more than one way. Because it's the texture of Kazan's film—especially Natalie Wood's performance—that makes it affecting. No one in *Abbotts* is quite at Wood's level, but all of them extend the dimensions of the script. In 1957 Billy Crudup and Joaquin Phoenix are brothers attending high school in an Illinois town whose leading family—that is, its wealthiest—is the Abbotts. Attitudes toward that family govern the town socially, including the two brothers who are from a much more modest family. There are three Abbott daughters of high-school age: Jennifer Connelly, Joanna Going and Liv Tyler (the same Tyler whom Bertolucci miscast in *Stealing Beauty* and who is okay here as a high-school date). The three girls and the two brothers have various encounters.

The hatchings of these affairs, the spoken and unspoken loves and ambitions, the changes in hopes and possibilities are all neatly carpentered by the screenwriter Ken Hixon out of a short story by Sue Miller. The director is Pat O'Connor, the Irishman who did the cognate *Circle of Friends*. O'Connor clearly concentrated on verity in his cast. Particularly memorable are Phoenix, as the reticent one of the two brothers who becomes manly without becoming macho, and Kathy Baker, as the boys' mother—quietly winning. But all the actors caught me up so warmly that I stopped feeling guilty about liking this corny picture.

Recent film-industry statistics reveal that nowadays the largest group of American filmgoers is 21 to 29 and that the second largest group is over 40. Which group, then, is responsible for the current smash success of Jim Carrey? The high-school group of filmgoers must still be pretty large because the repellent Carrey is the ultimate cut-up at any adolescent party. I had seen him in a broadcast of an American Film Institute banquet and again in the recent Oscar broadcast, on both of which occasions his high point was to turn around, bend over and pretend to fart at the audience. Just to confirm my loathing I went to see Carrey's latest, **Liar, Liar** (Universal).

Confirmed it was. Carrey plays a lawyer whose small son makes a birthday wish that his father will be unable to lie for twenty-four hours. Mystically, the wish works: dad is compelled to tell the truth for a day, which gets him in trouble with his boss, his clients and others. Early in this century a Broadway comedy called *Nothing But the Truth*, by James Montgomery, put its hero in the same predicament, but there was no mystic touch: the hero simply bet that he could speak only the truth for a day. Montgomery's play was filmed three times, most recently in 1941 with Bob Hope. I saw Hope's picture, which was funny. Carrey's picture isn't.

Just depressing. He is such a conceited, mugging lout that he makes us glum. If this jackanapes can attract large audiences, maybe we should worry a little less about the survival of the human race.

Three Post-Oscar Jottings. (1) Among my million or so bafflements about human behavior is one about film critics. Why do so many of them bother to make predictions of Oscar winners? It isn't as if they were choosing among their own five candidates: the candidates have been selected by others. And their predictions

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Crash. *If you like Sade and Huysmans. David Cronenberg's dreamy account of people who are turned on sexually by car smashes is one of the inevitable outcomes of automobile empowerment. (Reviewed 3/21/97)* **Hamlet.** *Kenneth Branagh's third Shakespeare film is not quite up to the first two, but it is nonetheless a fine achievement—generally well acted if sometimes fussily directed. (1/27/97)* **Mandela.** *Enough of his life to explain his reputation. A solid documentary about a man who manages to be both human and heroic. (3/1/97)* **Sling Blade.** *Billy Bob Thornton plays the leading role in the film he wrote and directed. Like a Southern folk song about a man who meant well in a world that was too much for him. (2/10/97)*—**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are not about merit: they are only attempts to guess how a large heterogeneous group of people will vote. Critical perception is quite irrelevant: any skilled statistician could look at past awards and make equally right or wrong predictions.

(2) Why don't the producers of the Oscar broadcast eliminate the long walk that most presenters have to make across the huge stage to reach the microphone on the forestage? Most of these people are film actors, and, even with the good ones, an "entrance" is not part of their training or experience. Very few actors are required to "enter" in films—as Kenneth Branagh did in *Henry V*. For most of these presenters it's an exhibition of ungrace.

(3) A suggestion for TV archivists. The director of the Oscar broadcast always has cameras ready to record the reaction of the winner when his or her name is announced, and also the reactions of the losing nominees. A tart short film might be made of the reactions of some of the losers through the years, the grittily programmed applause and smiles because they know millions are watching. A fifteen-minute collection of such moments, with apt commentary, might be a show-biz treasure. (All those $30,000 gowns that were *not* worn up to the stage.) •

Jed Perl on Art

Impersonal Enchantment

Jeff Wall brings an unsettling, fire-and-ice dissonance to his mural-size photographs. He catches some of the quotidian romantic poetry and the lustrous blue-gray light of his native British Columbia in Cibachrome transparencies that are mounted in lightboxes and edged in silvery-gray metal. The high-tech ad campaign style of the work makes it possible for Wall to freeze-frame his sensuous reactions to colors and textures. He zooms in on scrappy roadside sites and the faces of people who are sometimes in the midst of heated conversations. These huge images—often ten or twelve feet wide—make familiar objects look special, preternatural. It's as if Wall were putting his perceptions under the microscope; and, although I wouldn't say that the results add up to a wonderful experience, this is clearly the work of a man with a deft visual sense and an interestingly complicated mind.

Wall, who was born in 1946, is the subject of a retrospective that is at the Hirshhorn in Washington until May. The show was organized at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, where it will be next summer, and after that it goes to Japan. Although his name hasn't yet become widely known beyond art circles, Wall is a regular in the big group shows that many curators, dealers and collectors depend on to track reputations, such as "Post Human," which toured Europe in 1992-93, and the 1995 Whitney Biennial; "Hall of Mirrors: Art and Film Since 1945," at Los Angeles's Museum of Contemporary Art last summer; and "Face à l'histoire," at the Pompidou Center in Paris this winter. Wall's work is post-paint and pro-narrative, which links him to better-known contemporaries, among them Christian Boltanski, Annette Messager, Bruce Nauman, Cindy Sherman and Bill Viola. I don't subscribe to what I believe is the unspoken assumption of much of this work, which is that painting is no longer a suitable vehicle for complex figurative expression; and I'm skeptical that photography or video can ever achieve the subtly nuanced power that we expect from large-scale visual art. But I do believe that Jeff Wall makes the case with wit, perspicacity and panache.

This is no one-note artist. He does landscapes, still lifes and figure groups; and he experiments with different kinds of dramatic intensity, ranging from mild genre scenes to macabre fantasies and film-noir-style scenarios. He's attuned to the melting-pot experience of the Pacific Northwest, where the invitingly open look of fast-growing cities is an unusual backdrop for multicultural tensions. Some of his photographs look like slices of life; but even some of his most direct-feeling images are elaborately staged constructions.

In recent years, Wall has been using lots of computer-generated effects. Wall is a distant heir of the fancy combination printing techniques of mid-nineteenth-century photographers such as Oscar G. Rejlander and Henry Peach Robinson, whose attempts to create grandiose narrative structures were grounded in an idea, hardly unfamiliar all these years

GUIDE books

NOAM CHOMSKY
A Life of Dissent
Robert F. Barsky
"For those who are interested in Noam Chomsky's work and its deepest roots, Barsky's book is essential reading. It provides an unparalleled point of entry and privileged access to a life committed to the struggle for a better world as well as to the thinking of one of the most remarkable figures of modern history." — Carlos Otero, UCLA
256 pp., 29 illus. $27.50
visit the book's website at:
http://www-mitpress.mit.edu/chomsky/

FORWARD THROUGH THE REARVIEW MIRROR
Reflections on and by Marshall McLuhan
edited by Paul Benedetti and Nancy DeHart
Aphorisms, interviews, letters, biographical material and contributions by Lewis Lapham, Neil Postman, Camille Paglia, Louis Rossetto and others explore the life and work of the information age's major prophet.
Digital Communication series
208 pp.,183 illus., 76 color $25 paper

zone books

THE CULTURE OF THE COPY
Striking Likenesses, Unreasonable Facsimiles
Hillel Schwartz
"[Schwartz] brings his considerable synthetic powers to bear on our uneasy preoccupation with doubles, likenesses, facsimiles, replicas and re-enactments. I doubt that these cultural phenomena have ever been more comprehensively or more creatively chronicled."
— *The New York Times Book Review*
Distributed for Zone Books
566 pp., 60 illus. $29.50

http://www-mitpress.mit.edu
To order call 800-356-0343 (US & Canada) or (617) 625-8569.
The MIT Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

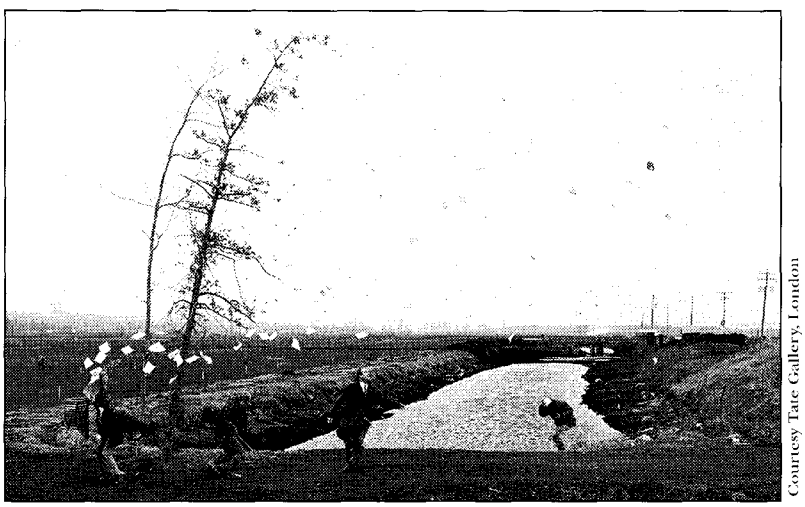
later, that painting is going to fade away. The artificiality of Rejlander's and Robinson's collage techniques has turned their allegories of good and evil and life and death into camp, into period pieces; but Wall may have less trouble with the anti-natural element in his photography, since by now the long shadow of Surrealism has convinced us that disjuncture is as real as anything else.

Wall is infatuated with the dream of painting and the technique of photography. He is caught between Old Masters and modern methods. For decades now, men and women with no abiding involvement in drawing or painting have been flooding out of the art schools, and a curious outgrowth of this situation has been the appearance of a few artists such as Wall who have an avidity for classical pictorial values but little or no feeling for a hands-on creative process. When Wall borrows Caravaggio's chiaroscuro or Ruisdael's panoramic effects, he shows an appreciation for the classics that you don't get, say, in Cindy Sherman's slick jokes on Old-Master portrait styles. Wall also has an unusually expansive response to photographic techniques. The way that he illuminates his pictures from behind gives the surfaces a pearly glow that ingeniously parallels movie images experienced on the big screen. Yet the range of his themes is so broad that he can strike a museumgoer as less an artist than a sort of impresario who stages all kinds of fetching visual ideas. Wall is a brainy postmodern aesthete. He gives the old painterly magic a fascinating clinical chill, and in the end I find myself thinking of even his best works as essays in dramatic possibilities rather than as dramatic events.

All of Wall's strengths come together in *A Sudden Gust of Wind (After Hokusai)* (1993). Here he is a likable, almost a happy-go-lucky artist. What first catches my eye is the great sheaf of papers that's spinning through the sky, mixing with the autumn leaves. Then I go to the unlucky man who has lost control of his bundle; he's in an overcoat and sports jacket and white shirt and tie, all the way to the left of the scene. This bold, odd composition has a specificity that holds me. It is very big, over twelve feet wide. There are four men in the foreground, and, although they seem to break up into two groups (the ones in business dress, the ones in casual work clothes), they are also united in their balletic efforts to hold on to their headgear and keep their balance against the strong gust of wind that's whizzing across this flat, scrappy landscape. I like the low horizon, the gigantic sky, the city glimpsed in the distance. The effect is ordinary, but with a touch of the sublime. I wonder about the seemingly shallow body of water, which might be an irrigation canal. I also wonder what's brought this odd assortment of men together in this particular place. But the enigmatic quality isn't troubling; it's actually rather enjoyable. The softly pervasive light sweetens the shambling picturesqueness of crooked powerlines and corrugated metal huts.

This unexceptional modern scene is closely based on a Hokusai woodcut print, *A High Wind in Yeijiri*, from the *Thirty-Six Views of the Fuji* (1831-33), but the shift in size and in medium makes it Wall's own. There is nothing calculated about his adaptation. My guess is that he was excited by the wit of the Hokusai work and couldn't resist responding. And his version, which lacks the picturesque grace note of Fuji, looming above the action like a giant calligraphic exclamation point, accrues some distinctly European associations. I'm reminded of landscapes by Hobbema and Ruisdael, which are also about traveling beyond the city limits. There is a Dutch sort of poetic practicality here, a feeling that happenstance can have an emblematic power. We may wonder what sort of agricultural work is under way. We may suspect that the men in business dress are engineers or entrepreneurs. That sheaf of papers lost in space could be the specs for some bigtime project. But Wall doesn't insist, and we are left with the pleasantly speculative emotions that we might have after driving past a curious scene on a country road.

Unfortunately, Wall isn't always this circumspect. He can overplay the drama, as in *Outburst*, a scene in a sweatshop, where a male supervisor lashes out at a woman seated at a sewing machine, while several other female workers meekly look on, obviously afraid for themselves. I suppose Wall means to dramatize the terrible conditions under which many people work; and the fact that both overseer and workers are Asian certainly gives the power politics an extra twist. Yet the scene is so keyed-up that the sentiment turns kitschy: it's basically a politically correct cartoon. The same goes for a series of heads called *Young Workers*, each of which focuses on an ordinary person looking off into the heavens. Maybe Wall means to ennoble his subjects, but mostly he seems mired in a campy response to Socialist Realist photography. There's also a reclining male nude (wearing headphones) that is a reversal on the old odalisque idea, and comes off as just plain silly.



Courtesy Tate Gallery, London

A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND (AFTER HOKUSAI), 1993; 90 ½ x 148 ½ INCHES

Wall is most convincing when the sociological insights in his work register as undercurrents, as a troubling pressure. In *Milk*, we find ourselves wondering what this dishevelled, attractive man is doing sitting on the pavement, squirting milk from a carton inside a paper bag. It's hard to figure this guy out. Is he homeless or crazy or what? I notice that he's wearing shoes without shoelaces, and that makes me wonder if he's from a mental institution or a prison. The ambiguity makes for a striking image. But it is also a puzzle with a naturalistic resonance, since we have all had the experience of finding that we can't really read as much from appearances as we had hoped. The bright light in *Milk* somehow heightens the mystery; we're seeing everything clearly and yet we don't know a damn thing.

Wall finds beauty in the hard-edged ambiguities of everyday life. His work has reminded many people of Godard's movies. In an interview he turns aside the comparison, for, although he eagerly acknowledges the impact of the movies, he apparently feels that his images are closer in spirit to the storytelling coherence of, say, Bergman. Still, it is Godard who comes to mind when you see the way that this bright, articulate artist can give even his most politically strident ideas a surprising, throwaway beauty. Sitting at a Godard movie, I'll find myself losing track of the story and feeling annoyed at the fancy obscurities, and then

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suddenly there's an image as simple as the headlights of a car coming through a dark afternoon forest or the rhythmic lapping of waves on the beach, and it's so alive and instinctive and lovely that I can scarcely believe it. Even when Godard is losing himself in flashy polemical ideas, his eye for color and light and composition keeps operating. That goes for Jeff Wall, too.

There is a streak of independent-mindedness in Wall's work that gives it an off-center appeal. You feel the idiosyncratic intelligence in some conversations that are included in a new volume on Wall in Phaidon's "Contemporary Artists" series. (It's a much better introduction to the artist than the catalog of the show.) Especially interesting is a conversation between Wall and two of the biggest names in theory-oriented art history, T. J. Clark and Serge Guilbaut, with whom he spars in a friendly but heated manner when they try to fit his work into a post-Conceptual framework. Wall can talk their talk; big words trip easily off his tongue. Yet when he's questioned about his desire to achieve a narrative power, he obviously wants to demonstrate that he's not hemmed in by a particular set of ideas. "Serge," he says at one point, "you and I once had a discussion in a class in which I accused you art historians of being more avant-gardist than the artists, because art historians were trying to keep thinking about what avant-gardism meant, and by implication, what it means, or, where it went. They were more interested in it than many artists, who seem to have gone on to other things, like expressing themselves."

The clinical look of Jeff Wall's photographic lightboxes may tell us that he is dissatisfied with the high-art traditions of the past, yet we can see that he wants to keep company with the Old Masters, too. "The most orthodox way of thinking about culture now," he reminds Clark and Guilbaut, "is to talk always about discontinuities, breaks, ruptures, leaps." He goes on to say that "discontinuity does not exist in isolation from what seems to be its polar opposite, so I think it is just as valid to talk about reinventions and rediscoveries, not to mention preservations." In his own fashion, Wall is a traditionalist. He is far too intelligent to entirely dismiss the old artisanal methods.

And yet I'm not really sure how much he knows about those traditions. Alluding to the deep space in his new work, and the way that the figures are "absorbed in the environment," Wall suggests that "it's a move from Caravaggio to Vermeer or Breughel." That is rather glib, even for a remark in a taped interview. Wall is moving around compo-

ART SCENES *Galleries, Exhibits, and Events*

Salander-O'Reilly Galleries 20 East 79th Street, NYC, 10021, 212-879-6606. Monday through Saturday, 9:30-5:30. *Mimi Gross: Diaphanous Leap (Continued)*. New installation and paintings continuing a theme celebrating dance, color and space. March 12-29. *Graham Nickson: Paintings*. Recent acrylic paintings. Two monumentally-scaled pieces will be shown along with smaller canvases. March 12-29. *Katherine Porter: Paintings* and *Bill King: Sculpture*. April 1-26.

Beacon Hill Fine Art 980 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10021, 212-734-3636, Tuesday through Saturday, 10-6 and Monday by appointment. *Arbit Blatas: Paintings and Sculpture*. The exhibition features grand views of Blatas' favorite cities, Venice, Paris and New York, intimate interior and still-life subjects, and a representation of his designs for the opera and the theater. Portraits, both on canvas and in bronze, of Mstislav Rostropovich, Joan Sutherland, Al Hirschfeld, and Marcel Marceau, among others, are included. March 10-April 19.

Swann Galleries 104 East 25th Street, NYC, 212-254-4710. Monday through Friday, 10-6; previews Saturdays prior to auctions, 10-4. AUCTIONS: March 20: *Science Medicine and Natural History*. April 3: *Travel and Sporting Books*. April 17: *Rare books featuring early printing, 19th-century literature, original illustration artwork, modern press and illustrated books*. April 19: *Photographs featuring daguerreotypes, Civil War, Native Americans, outlaws, modernist masterpieces, Russian photographs, F.S.A., f/64, and post-modernist photographs*. Please write or call for preview hours, quarterly newsletter with full auction schedule, and to purchase catalogs.

Antique Navajo and Mexican Textiles Andrew Nagen Gallery. P.O. Box 1306, Corrales, NM 87048, 505-898-5058. By appointment, please. Since 1976 we have specialized in the sale, purchase and appraisal of classic, transitional and regional textiles from all the Southwestern Native American and Hispanic cultures. We supply or request photos for purchase, sale or approval. No catalog.

Anita Shapolsky Gallery Downtown: 99 Spring Street, 2nd Floor, NYC, 212-334-9755. Wednesday through Saturday, 11-6; Tuesday by appointment. Uptown: 152 East 65th Street between Lexington and Third Avenues; patio entrance, NYC. Wednesday through Saturday, 11-6. Downtown: *Younger Artists, Part Two: Bruce Checefsky, Mark Gibian, Carl Hecker, Linda Schrank, Linda Stein, Nancy Steinson, and Barbara Sternberger*. Through April 5. Uptown: *The Writer as Artist: Lawrence Ferlinghetti and William Saroyan*. Through April 12. Wednesday, April 23 will be a special evening at the National Arts Club, celebrating the publication of Saroyan's memoir, *Not Dying*, and Ferlinghetti's *A Far Rockaway of the Heart*. Lawrence Ferlinghetti will be an honored guest.

Art Scenes is a regular advertising service of *The New Republic* featuring art news and announcements. For further information or space reservations, please **contact** Jennifer Barrett at 202-331-7494. **Mail** your listing to: *Art Scenes, The New Republic*, 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Or **fax** the listing to 202-223-0566.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sitional elements, but that's not what painting is about. He salutes the past, but he also gives a cleaned-up, romanticized view of a tradition that is grounded in hands-on labor, in creating a universe painted inch by painted inch.

In a couple of photographs from the early '90s, Wall takes pre-photographic picture-making as his theme, and his attitude seems equivocal and sentimental, as if he regarded drawing and painting as quaint, retro activities. I'm thinking of *Adrien Walker*, a photograph of a young man working on an anatomical drawing, and *Restoration*, in which several people are involved in the meticulous care of an enormous circular panorama by the nineteenth-century painter Edouard Castres. These images are about Wall's fascination with the intelligent attentiveness involved in an older artisanal tradition. The atmosphere is quiet, cloistered, silvery. Wall is suggesting that an artist who makes something by hand inhabits an autumnal universe. I don't know if he's ever photographed a person at an easel painting a modern painting, but here are self-consciously old-fashioned images of an anatomical illustrator and restorers working on a period piece. He is at once saluting and saying goodbye to the dense-textured oil paints and the lead-primed canvases, to the conté crayons and the 100 percent rag papers. Wall seems to see working by hand as a curatorial activity, as a way of shoring up older traditions. There is an aura of gentle industry and slightly-out-of-it, never-give-up concentration to these images of a Biedermeier dreamworld.

Wall would probably say that that's just the way it is, that representational painting is basically an outmoded activity, and there is nothing we can do about it. But I don't think that his wistful reveries are quite as disinterested as he wants them to appear. When he presents one of his hip valentines to a vanishing (or vanished) craft, he must do so with a sigh of relief, because if painting is dead, then there can be no doubt that the painter of modern life has become a photographer with some digital know-how. We are living in a period when there is an ingrained assumption that new media will overwhelm old ones, and despite his carefully reasoned arguments, Wall is too quick to overlook some of the underlying dynamics that shape a museumgoer's experience. When photographs get too big, they lose the fine-tuned qualities of a graphic art. They become something else.

But what? I'd say photography becomes a wannabe form: painting for people who can't paint. Wall's backlit images are an improvement over the glossy opacity of other artists' huge photographic surfaces, but I question whether he can ever compete with the dynamism of a magnificently painted surface. His oversized photographic transparencies, despite their alluring details and overall glow, push a museumgoer away. In one interview, Wall announces that now is the time to transgress "against the institutions of transgression." He's saying that the avant-garde has become an institution, and that artists can liberate themselves by adopting older storytelling conventions. I heartily agree, but I think that there's still nothing like painting on canvas as a way to transgress transgression.

Wall speaks of wanting to find coherence in a complicated world, but his street scenes don't have a fraction of the dissimilarity-in-similarity of Leon Kossoff's paintings of a ramshackle multicultural London. As for modern allegory, I don't like Wall's Cibachromes anywhere near as much as Gabriel Laderman's *House of Death and Life* (1984-85), a noirish thriller staged in a series of cubicle-like rooms; or

Dickcissel

Spiza americana A crossbill. "The black-bibbed male sings from a continuous perch; the sparrow-like female is seldom noticed."—*Birds of North America*

At the edge of my feeder a sparrow would
Sit singing "*cissel, dick-cissel,*
Dick-cissel"; I'd have said to him "Dickey-bird, why
Do you sit, singing '*cissel, dick-cissel, dick-*
Cissel' " save that (a) it wasn't a sparrow at
All; but, huddled among the house sparrows all
Having a go at the stuff in the bird-feeder, clearly
Something else—a twisted bill, as if put out
Of joint by some cat in an animated cartoon, a splash of
Yellow surrounding the black on its breast—
No, no sparrow at all; and (b) it wasn't "singing" anything
Like that—like "*dick-cissel*"—but rather
A sort of—well, I suppose that "*tit tit tit brrrssshh*"
Might be one way of putting it, or taking it, for
That matter, freed from the birdcage of American
Speech; or, if one must be literary, somewhere
Between *titcissel* and *dickwillow* lies not the sound
Of the bird's call or song but the name
Of its nature, noisy but, when it comes
To language, silent. And at best, I might say or might sing
In Sullivan's music "*Dickcissel, I'll teach you to whistle*"
Or some such song. Yet cut in the bark of its bite, or
Inscribed in its quavers and crotchets there still
Would be nothing to read, no
Epistles of Dick the apostle or even of Paul the
Dickcissel. Nothing but *brrrssshh*.

Now, I'm sure, just as sure
As I'm sure that my name is what it is, that
Absence makes the mind grow yonder, out of height
Is out of heart; one short gulp of summer
Doesn't make a swallow start
In on its autumnal twitter
Though a sparrow fall, or a dickcissel rise
In winter mornings: and after all, where birds have meanings
And names, like all words, wings
And what you lose roundly on the abouts you make up
On the sings until . . .
Well, in for a many, in for a mound
—I, you, Dickcissel, Alf, Ed, everyone—
Of final ground.

JOHN HOLLANDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE THESE REALLY MY PEOPLE? AM I TRULY AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN?

"*Thank God my nameless ancestor, brought across the ocean in chains and leg irons, made it out alive. Thank God I am an American.*" So speaks award-winning journalist Keith Richburg, a black American who spent three years in Africa seeking answers to the chaos now sweeping the continent of his ancestors. In the most powerful, controversial—and most important—book of the year, Richburg confronts Africa's petty tyranny and senseless violence to forever shatter the perception of Africa as a promised land where blacks walk tall, free, and proud among their brothers.

"A blistering attack on what Mr. Richburg sees as the pattern of self-delusion by which many black American leaders, scholars and politicians alike have tried in recent years to put Africa at the core of the black American identity."

—New York Times

"A passionate reminder to a multiethnic democracy that human dignity, not banal notions of cultural identity, is the source of enduring civic and personal esteem."

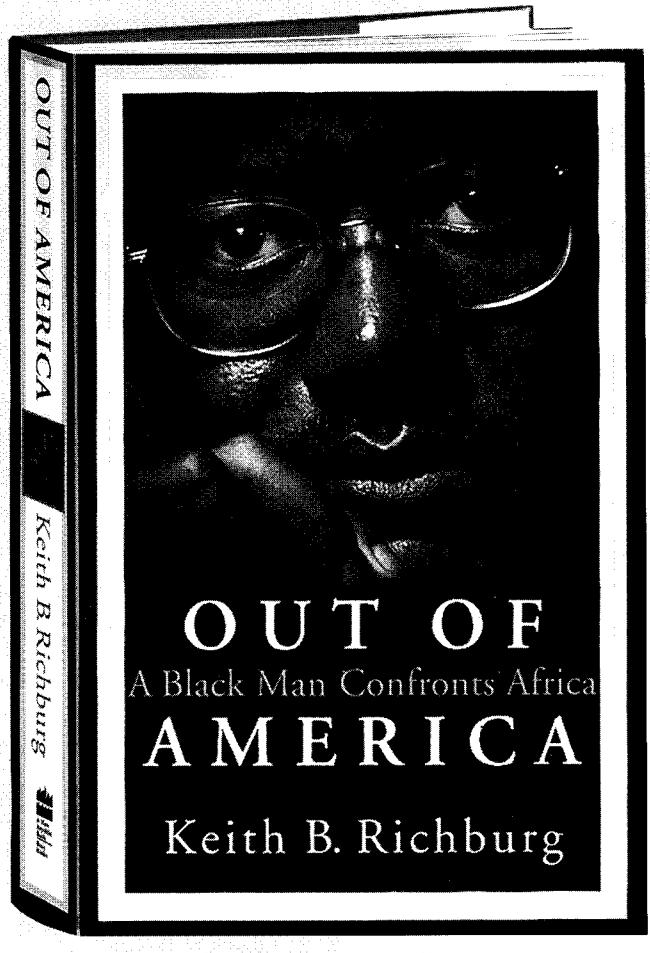
—Wall Street Journal

"A dead-on portrait of a continent mired in misery and violence. . . . This is a brave work that's not afraid to go defiantly against the grain. . . . An important and original book."

—Newsweek

"Richburg has carved out for himself a place among America's writers of the first rank."

—Ellis Cose, author of *The Rage of a Privileged Class* and *Color Blind*



At bookstores now or call 1-800-331-3761

A New Republic Book

BasicBooks
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd*
http://www.harpercollins.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R. B. Kitaj's *Cecil Court* (1983-84), that comic ode to dislocation and bookishness; or Balthus's nightmare vision, *The Large Composition with Crow* (1983-86), in which the artist makes a mysterious appearance as a miniature figure carrying an enormous cage. These painters know at least as much as Wall about the strangeness of modern life, and they complicate the equation with all the risk-taking that's involved in handling paint.

There are painterly precedents, of course, for the chilliness of Wall's work. Manet, that darling of the postmoderns, cultivated a don't-give-a-damn mix of old and new styles, and Wall, never missing a beat, had already created his own homage to the Parisian's cool demeanor in 1979, with *Picture for Women.* This response to *A Bar at the Folies-Bergère* might be said to be Wall's signature piece, since it doubles as a portrait of the late-twentieth-century artist in his studio. In Manet's famous essay in seeing and being seen, a bored barmaid is centerstage. At first she appears to be focused on nothing at all, but then we notice in the mirror behind her (at a skewed perspective) the man who must be standing where we are, ordering a drink. In Wall's version, the Parisian nightspot has become the artist's studio, but the woman, now standing to the left, dressed in a simple blouse and jeans, is still lost in a dream. All the way to the right is a slim boyish figure in a black T-shirt and black pants. That's Jeff Wall. He has an abstracted look, too, but we know that he is hard at work, because in his left hand he is holding the shutter release mechanism of the big camera mounted on a tripod in the center of the room. Artist, camera and model are lined up in front of a mirror, and what we're seeing is the studio reflected in that mirror.

The fascination of *Picture for Women* is in the shimmering details that are like amusing punctuation marks. There are rows of glistening bare lightbulbs on the ceiling, lots of shiny metal pipes, some old-fashioned office furniture that looks great in the big loft space. This photograph is full of appealingly anonymous stuff. *Picture for Women,* in which the camera's eye examines us while a man and a woman subtly avert their eyes, is about the poetry of impersonality. Both artist and model step aside, but in doing so they solidify their control. We look at them, but they won't look at us—that's their power play. Jeff Wall is taking this picture by remote control. Emotionally speaking, he takes all his pictures that way. He's an anti-hands-on artist. At his best, he offers depersonalized enchantment, and as a museumgoer I find myself responding in kind. At the Hirshhorn I felt as if I were being affected by remote control. I registered many interesting emotions and left untouched. •

The Waste Sad Time

BY RICHARD POIRIER

Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909-1917 by T. S. Eliot edited by Christopher Ricks

(Harcourt Brace, 428 pp., $30)

I.

In 1922, T.S. Eliot sent to a friend and patron in New York, the lawyer John Quinn, a leather-bound notebook, along with some loose leaves, containing about fifty pages of miscellaneous poems and fragments of poems transcribed by the author between 1909 and 1917. Eliot never wanted most of these poems to be published, and until now they haven't been. The Notebook, as it is called, eventually found its way into the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library, where scholars could inspect it but not directly quote from it. It has at last been edited and annotated, with the permission of the poet's widow, by Christopher Ricks. He has called the volume *Inventions of the March Hare,* the Lewis Carrollian title that Eliot had written in black ink on a front page of the Notebook and then crossed out.

The core of the book includes about thirty-nine hitherto unpublished poems, some very good and all immensely interesting to anyone who cares about Eliot's poetry, and Ricks's voluminous annotations of them. There are in addition four appendices. One of these is given to the texts, with lists of variants, of seven poems, as they first appeared in the Notebook or the loose leaves, that were published as *Humouresque* (1910) or in *Prufrock and Other Observations* (1917). Another appendix includes the text, as it originally stood in loose leaves, of eleven poems that appeared in Eliot's *Poems* (1919), *Ara Vos Prec* (1920) and *Poems* (1920). A third appendix offers selections from Eliot's criticism, mostly on the subject of literary influence and indebtedness, chosen in part to lend support to Ricks's annotative obsessions.

And there is a fourth appendix. It includes what Ricks calls "ribald verse," though in their childish and sordid sexuality these poems have little to do with one of the root meanings of ribald, which is amorous. They were written over an extended period of close to fifteen years, and found on leaves that had been excised by Eliot from the Notebook. Eliot tried unsuccessfully to persuade Wyndham Lewis to publish some of them in *Blast.* These poems include "The Triumph of Bullshit," in which each stanza, addressed at the outset to "Ladies," ends with the refrain "For Christ's sake stick it up your ass"; and "Ballade pour la grosse Lulu," one of the poems that Lewis wouldn't print, which imagines an interview with "Booker T. / Entitled, 'Up from Possum Stew!' / Or 'How I set the nigger free!' " And then there is, presumably, the prize entry, seventeen brief poems referred to by Eliot as "King Bolo and his Big Black Kween" in a letter to Pound, in whose papers they were discovered. They feature descriptions of huge penises, defecations, buggeries and group masturbations.

Eliot circulated copies of these poems among his male friends, and they represent the pseudo-hearty flip side of the thwarted sexuality that is evident in all his poetry and in some of his criticism. This same sexuality gets expressed, in the nightmare images of a Notebook poem, and quite a good one, such as "The Love Song of St. Sebastian," or in the sexual deadness of the many male speakers in other of Eliot's poems, and in the abdications from sexual love in *Four Quartets,* including what has been taken to be a celebration of heterosexual ceremonial courting in "East Coker." There Eliot borrows lines from the writings of a sixteenth-century forebear, Sir Thomas Elyot, to extol, as if it needed to be protected by Elyot's spelling from the contaminations of more contemporary expression, the ancient virtues of "The association of man and woman / In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie." By the end of the verse paragraph, however, this gives way to Eliot's characteristic sense that now and always human sexuality, even under the auspices of the sacraments, yields to beastliness and to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scatology:

> The time of the seasons and the constellations
> The time of milking and the time of harvest
> The time of the coupling of man and woman
> And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.
> Eating and drinking. Dung and death.

Sex is dung, dung is death. This is close to the definition of pornography in the great essay "Pornography and Obscenity" by D. H. Lawrence, about whom Eliot harbored a settled hostility, including the charge that he was "sexually morbid." Pornography, according to Lawrence, is almost always "underworld," an area vividly depicted in early Eliot, wherein sexual excitement becomes an essentially masturbatory playing with dirt, so that "any sign of sex in a woman"—or a man—"becomes a show of her dirt." Sexuality, in all of Eliot's poetry, is in this sense pornographic. So it is, of course, for millions of other people and their partners, but none of them is also endowed with Eliot's poetic genius. Eliot sought a creative communion not with persons but with poetry, and finally with a mother and a God imagined in Dantean visionary modes, though without Dante's devotion to human bonding.

The King Bolo poems reveal nothing of that poetic genius. They could have been written by any number of dirty boys. So it is perhaps understandable that Ricks mistakenly includes with the Bolo poems something called "Fragments." This poem is about a tinker "With his four and twenty inches hanging to his knee": "With his whanger in his hand he walked through the hall / 'By God' said the cook 'he's a gone and fucked us all.' " It also introduces a girl who reports that the same whanger "ripped up my belly from my cunt to my navel." This is no worse, and no better, than the Bolo poems, but it was not written by Eliot. It was copied by Eliot in pencil from an old poem by someone else called "The Ball of Kirriemuir." According to a correspondent in *The Guardian*, who was among those who noticed Ricks's error, the poem was published at least as long ago as 1719.

This ought not to count as a disqualifying error, but it is a surprising one, since Ricks as an editor is so intent on spectacular displays of scholarly recall. His ostentatious apparatus seeks to demonstrate an indefatigable capacity to summon, in response to any word, phrase or sound pattern in Eliot, some corresponding call from the vasty deeps of world literature. Of the book's 414 pages, not counting the index, barely ninety are given to unpublished poems from the Notebook and to the ribald poems excised from it. These are the only poems in the volume that Ricks annotates as to sources, allusions, echoes and the like. Devoting more than twice those ninety pages, indeed over 200 pages, to his annotations, Ricks risks suggesting that the title, *Inventions of the March Hare*, befits his contribution more than Eliot's.

There are real discoveries in some of Ricks's animadversions, and many are informative and useful to an understanding of the poems. But in large measure they turn out to be tenuous or irrelevant, and some of these notes actually require that Ricks substitute words of his own for Eliot's so as to proffer one or another unduly confident "find." A few examples before returning more fully to Eliot. Two of these occur in the four pages of notes (one page would have been plenty) for the fifteen-line poem "Mandarins." The mandarin figure in the first of four such poems is an anticipation of Eliot's lifelong fascination with the figure of Coriolanus. With the crowd huddled at his feet, the mandarin

> ... merely stands and waits
> Upon his own intrepid dignity;
> With fixed regardless eyes—
> Looking neither out nor in—
> The centre of formalities.

> A hero! and how much it means;
> How much—
> The rest is merely shifting scenes.

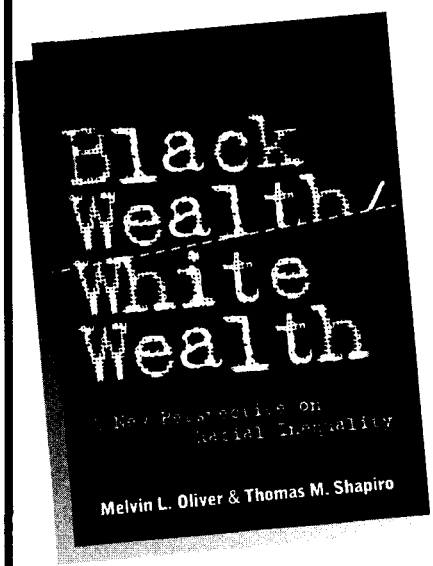
Ricks decides to comment on the phrase "neither out nor in," but in this instance he doesn't choose to cite or quote the related passage. Instead he indulges himself in a chummy confidence, especially unwarranted for American readers, that his lead will be enough: "neither out nor in: compare the grand old Duke of York, his men 'neither up nor down.' " As it turns out, those who do recall the nursery rhyme about the "grand old Duke" are no luckier than those who don't recall it. For, in fact, "neither up nor down" is not, except syntactically, significantly related to "neither out nor in." Further, "the grand old Duke" is not at all a "mandarinlike" figure. He is a pleasantly eccentric figure of fun:

> The grand old Duke of York,
> He had ten thousand men.
> He marched them up to the top of the hill
> And marched them down again.
>
> And when they were up they were up.
> And when they were down they were down;
> And when they were only half way up
> They were neither up nor down.

The mere syntactical or structural sim-

Now in Paperback

"...the definitive book..."
—*Contemporary Sociology*



"...reveals for the first time the full economic damage caused by the special difficulties that blacks face...These facts need to be publicized so that white Americans can be made aware of the extent to which the civil rights movement of the 1960's failed to achieve its goal of fairness for blacks."
—*George M. Frederickson in The New York Review of Books*

"Their analysis provides telling insight into the causes and persistence of American racial inequality: government policies of suburbanization and redlining helped boost wealth for whites over blacks, while discrimination against blacks long kept them from developing assets through self-employment. The authors' study uncovers 'the buried fault line of the American social system'."
—*Publishers Weekly, starred review*

"Recommended reading."
—*Emerge*

Winner of the Society for the Study of Social Problems' ***C. Wright Mills Award***

$16.95

Routledge 29 West 35th Street, N.Y., NY 10001-2299
http: //www.routledge.com/routledge.html

AT BOOKSTORES, or call Routledge Customer Service(800) 634-7064
Visa/MasterCard/Amex accepted.

ROUTLEDGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ilarity of phrasing between "neither out nor in" and "neither up nor down" is scarcely sufficient evidence that this nursery rhyme is of any relevance to Eliot's poem. Language overflows with such syntactic coordinates: left / right, front / back, top / bottom. Or, as we used to say when signing off in the army, over / out.

Ricks inspires no greater confidence when he gets round to annotating the last line of this little but interesting poem: "The rest is merely shifting scenes." On this, he offers: "'The rest is': compare *Hamlet* V, ii, 350: 'The rest is silence.' " In justification of this connection, he mentions that the immediately preceding poem in the Notebook is titled "Silence" and then proceeds to cite three French poets in their own language (which Ricks abundantly quotes throughout his notes without giving translations), including Verlaine: "*Et tout le reste est littérature.*"

Such annotative energies are generated not out of Eliot's need to be explained or by the reader's need to be informed. They result primarily from Ricks's need to dazzle. And, in the interest of doing so, he often willingly ignores or distorts the plain evidence. No one has ever had any trouble, so far as I can discover, with the famous lines from "Prufrock": "I should have been a pair of ragged claws / Scuttling across the floors of silent seas." This image, which occurs also in the Notebook version of some parts of the poem, is of two protuberances large enough to appear to be separated from the body, and therefore to some extent out of touch with any of the body's motivating or sexual energies. These are most likely the claws specifically of a Maine lobster, famous as a delicacy in coastal towns on Cape Ann, such as Gloucester, where Eliot summered in his youth. He often went sailing out past the clutter of lobster pots closer to shore, and he came to revere the fishermen and the seascapes which figure importantly in his poetry. (The "dry salvages" are a group of rocks off the Gloucester coast.) So Eliot might, by stretching it a bit, be referring to crab claws, but there is no good reason to suppose that he is. Crabs are endowed only with rudimentary claws, when they have them at all, and with rather stocky bodies from which it is not easy to picture the claws as a separable "pair" operating by themselves.

Why, then, does Ricks insist in his notes on referring to crabs? For the reason, I guess, that he is in possession of some prize catches on the subject of "crabs." In more than a page of addenda, he offers a passage marked by Eliot in his copy of Darwin's *The Descent of Man* on the sexual characters of crabs; an OED entry showing that as early as 1861 there was in use the phrase "crab lice"; and a passage from Turgenev's story "Smoke," which refers to a crab at a lavish dinner party, in which Ricks ingeniously locates a series of words used consecutively also in the poem: smoke, claws, long fingers. Besides the tedious irrelevance of the claims themselves, it turns out that while the lines from "Prufrock" were copied by Eliot into the Notebook in 1911-12, the edition of *The Descent of Man* that Eliot marked is the edition of 1913. Moreover, the letters in which Eliot first reports an enthusiasm for Turgenev are dated late December 1917.

T. S. ELIOT BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

II.

Ricks is a seasoned scholar, and he would not engage in this sort of annotative adventurism only on his own authority. Encouragement for such efforts can be found in Eliot's early criticism, and in decades of precedent among interpreters of Eliot. Their Talmudic zeal was fed increasingly by Eliot's own Notes to *The Waste Land*, not to mention the allusive schema that Joyce liked to hand out about *Ulysses*. Eliot's early criticism was his most influential—it included "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919), the essays and the reviews published in *The Sacred Wood* in 1920, and, in 1923, "Ulysses: Order and Myth"—and these essays provided much of the theoretical underpinning for the kinds of close reading that swept the Anglo-American academy in the 1940s and 1950s These early critical pronouncements exhibit the sweeping dogmatism of a young man determined to be heard and desirous of being taken as a sage. They are full of hints to the effect that he regrets having to reveal the painful historical inevitabilities of the positions that he is required, in his capacity as a sage, to urge upon us.

This critical writing was wonderfully supple and persuasive, unencumbered by the contradictory pomposities of the later works such as *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* or by the hateful and repellent crudities about literary contemporaries or near-contemporaries and about Jews in *After Strange Gods* in 1934. And the strategies of the early prose worked. Among other things, Eliot was able to persuade most people (except those who knew him best, such as I. A. Richards or Virginia Woolf, or, in America, Edmund Wilson) that his poetry was not personal, even while it hints everywhere that it is.

It is one of the most remarkable performances in the history of literary public relations and literary careerism. Eliot contrived to preserve his impulses toward self-exploration under cover of allusive patterns that loudly insist on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poetry's historical consequentiality, on its large Significance. Thus, in the essay on "The Metaphysical Poets" in 1921, Eliot remarked that

> We can only say that it appears likely that poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*. Our civilization comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning.

Eliot's decision to link allusiveness to "difficulty," when it could as easily be thought of as a mode of clarification, is essential to his larger intention. And that is to claim, as Wordsworth had done for his own age and in much the same terms, that the period in which he was living, the first quarter of the twentieth century in the United States and Western Europe, is an unprecedentedly bad one.

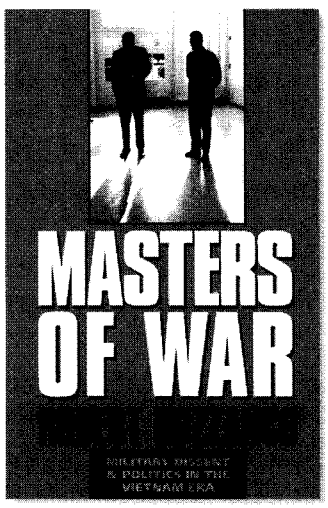
Wordsworth and Eliot were not the first greatly ambitious poets (nor will they be the last) to boast of the heroism of writing in the worst of times, when language is itself threatened with loss of meaning. The same special pleading is even more pronounced when, in 1923, Eliot credits Joyce with achievements in the so-called "mythical method," which is necessarily an allusive one, and does so in a way designed to praise his own achievement in the publication the year before of *The Waste Land*. The method involves, he says, "manipulating a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity," and this manipulation (which may be found in literature, as he must have known, at least since *The Faerie Queene*) is said once again to be compelled by contemporary degeneration, which was unprecedented in degree. "It is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and significance, to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history."

As a matter of cold fact, however, allusiveness in poetry has nothing whatever to do, has never had anything whatever to do, with the worsening of cultural and historical conditions. And neither has the "mythical method." There is no way of measuring, moreover, if Eliot's time was worse than any other time. As Frost elegantly put it in 1935—with Eliot in mind, I suspect—"It is immodest of a man to think of himself as going down before the worst forces ever mobilized by God."

Eliot's portentous comments were, rather, a calculated effort at self-promotion. They are designed to intimidate his readers, to make them assent to what he is trying to exhibit by his technique of allusiveness, which is that he is a great poet working directly in the idiom of other poets known to be great. Besides, he is suggesting that any failure on the part of readers to appreciate the difficulty of his poetry is evidence that they have themselves succumbed to their terrible time and surrendered to that "futility and anarchy" which that same poetry, along with Joyce's *Ulysses*, is unique in recognizing.

Very often what strikes us first in Eliot's early poems is precisely their allusiveness in the form of epigraphs; and in *The Waste Land* it strikes us also last, in the form of Eliot's Notes. A notorious example is the epigraph to the poem "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar" (1919-20). The epigraph is a hodge-podge of six quotations, starting with a rather supercilious "Tra-la-la-la-la-la-laire," this being the call of the gondolier in Venice taken from a poem by Théophile Gautier, from whom Eliot was imitating the highly accelerated stanza form of the poem. This is followed by "nil nisi divinum stabile est; caetera fumus." The first word ought to be "nihil" and the phrase means "only the divine endures; the rest is smoke." The Latin is from an inscription in a painting by Mantegna,

NOW IN PAPERBACK...



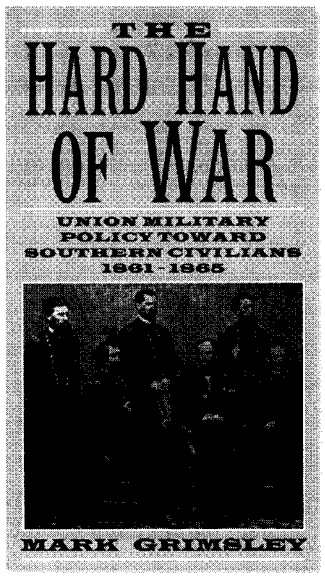
Masters of War
Military Dissent and Politics in the Vietnam Era
Robert Buzzanco

"....there is much to be learned here."
– Foreign Affairs

"A diligently researched and thought-provoking contribution to the literature of Vietnam."
– Kirkus Reviews

In this seminal work, Robert Buzzanco works to dispel the hard-liner notion that political leaders harnessed the military's efforts in Vietnam by forcing them to "fight with one hand tied behind their backs." Instead Buzzanco argues that civil-military acrimony and political desire to defer responsibility for Vietnam helped lead the United States into war.

59940-7 Paperback $17.95



The Hard Hand of War
Union Military Policy Toward Southern Civilians, 1861-1865
Mark Grimsley

"...the latest and best study to strip away the myth and explore the reality of Sherman's attack on the Southern civilian economy and population as a means of winning the war..."
– James M. McPherson,
New York Review of Books

This volume explodes conventional images of pillaging and atrocity that accompany what we think of as "total war." Grimsley uses the testimony of Union soldiers and Southern civilians alike, and even invokes earlier European wars to show that Union soldiers exercised restraint even as they made war against the Confederate civilian population.

59941-5 Paperback $17.95

Available in bookstores or from

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
40 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011-4211
Call toll-free 800-872-7423 MasterCard/VISA accepted.
Prices subject to change. Web site: http://www.cup.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of Eliot's favorite painters, found in a church in Venice, on the subject of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. (There is also a sadomasochistic poem in the Notebook called "The Love Song of St. Sebastian.") The next four allusions are respectively to *The Aspen Papers*, *Othello*, both set in Venice, and then to Browning and Marston.

Eliot could hardly have expected, nor would he have preferred, even his most erudite readers to catch all of these allusions. It has been pointed out that thirty years after the first publication of the poem three of the quotations remained unidentified, until one interpreter sought help from Eliot himself. Fun and games on the old Rialto! With a little ingenuity, of course, each of the allusions can be made pertinent to the poem, though hardly essential to one's reading of it. But something besides pertinence is at work in Eliot's teasing display of erudition, and fun and games ought not to be ruled out.

Nor can they be ruled out when we get to the Notes to *The Waste Land*. Ricks's references to them have a reverential seriousness that misses, I think, part of what Eliot was up to. Many of the Notes are straight enough—"Line 20. Cf. Ezekiel II, i." and so on—and Eliot later mentioned that he wanted the notes to prevent a resurgence of charges that he was wont to plagiarize some of his best phrases, and also to reassure readers who might recognize an allusion that they were on the right track. In several of the longer notes, however, there is a charming and insidiously significant element of camp, especially when Eliot poses as tour guide with a Baedeker or other such manual. Thus, to some lines in the poem that by themselves adequately identify St. Magnus Martyr Church in London ("... where the walls / Of Magnus Martyr hold / Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold"), Eliot offers the following: "The interior of St. Magnus Martyr is to my mind one of the finest among Wren's interiors. See *The Proposed Demolition of Nineteenth Century Churches* (P.S. King & Son, Ltd.)."

Still, the levity that we find in Eliot's allusive practices ultimately points to a serious and interesting purpose. The Notes, like the show-off allusiveness in the epigraphs, should be read with the same alertness, as to tones of voice and placement, that is asked of us by the poetry. They are best thought of as part of the poem to which they are appended. In the note to the lines about St. Magnus Martyr, the tour-guide neutrality and the pedantic aloofness of tone, as in the imparting of the book title, give a macabre twist to the information offered in that title, which is that this church and others like it are threatened with destruction, with the same fragmentation represented in the veritable structure of the poem itself.

A far more devious intention, and an important clue to Eliot's efforts at this time to define his status as a world poet, and not just as an American poet, can be found in a note that has caused considerable speculation, especially about the influence on his poetry of Whitman, which later becomes unmistakable in *Four Quartets*. The line in question occurs in the last section of the poem, which Eliot once identified as containing his favorite lines, and which Pound left practically untouched, the so-called water song in "What the Thunder said." The line is: "Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees." This has often been cited as an echo of some lines in Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd": "Solitary the thrush / The hermit withdrawn to itself...." Eliot claimed that he didn't read Whitman till "much later in life," after the early Laforgean poetry, whatever "read" here means with respect to a poet he could not have failed to come across in his youth in St. Louis, Cambridge and Cape Ann.

But if Eliot was merely avoiding mention of Whitman out of some reputed anxiety of influence, then he could easily have cited any number of other loftier names, loftier at least in 1922, from the roster of poets who have used the familiar trope of solitary birds in the trees for the poet and for poetic song. Why, instead, does he choose only another, loudly banal American source, a non-poetic one at that? He refers us to a decidedly real North American bird, and what's more, to its Latin name, the first word of which sounds scatological enough to delight the author of the Bolo poems. He identifies the bird: "This is *Turdus aonalaschkae pallasii*, the hermit-thrush which I have heard in Quebec Province. Chapman says (*Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America*) 'it is most at home in secluded woodland and thickety retreats.... Its notes are not remarkable for variety or volume, but in purity and sweetness of tone and exquisite modulation they are unequalled.' Its 'water-dripping song' is justly celebrated."

In John Hollander's brilliant *The Figure of Echo: A Mode of Allusion in Milton and After*, the lines from Eliot about the hermit-thrush, along with the related lines in Whitman, are offered as an example of the difference between quotation, allusion and echo, only the last of which does not depend on conscious intention. He remarks that in Eliot's note, which mentions Chapman but not Whitman, it is "as if a kind of suppression were at work in the texture of recognition and avowal, a nod to allusion but not to echo." I would go a step or two further, and repeat that if there is in Eliot's note a suppression of Whitman's presence in this poem, then it is so conspicuously done, by his reference instead not to other poets, but to an American ornithologist handbook, as in fact to call attention to his refusal to acknowledge the one American poet he might have mentioned. And if Whitman is passed over for someone named Chapman, so then is every other American poet.

This is Eliot's way of emphasizing that, while there may be autobiographical sources for his poetry rooted in his American experiences, those experiences emphatically do not include any experience of American poetry. The implication is that there simply are no "song birds" to be found in American poetry, no precedents or models for Eliot's poetic voice. He enjoyed bird-watching and liked the Chapman manual. It was given to him, in fact, by his greatly revered mother on his fourteenth birthday in 1902, and he kept it in his library for the rest of his life. But when it comes to his career in poetry, he will acknowledge only those poets in whose company he prefers to belong, the great poets of European civilization.

When Eliot gets round to making one of his rare mentions of Whitman, he says in 1935 that he first saw him, and Poe, "through French eyes." Even when, still later, and by then not wanting to leave any bases unoccupied, he does begin to claim that his poetry is more American than English in its sources, he means only in its autobiographical sources. What he always affirmed was what he had discovered for himself while an undergraduate at Harvard, reading French poetry and Arthur Symons's *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*: that he could turn his American experience into poetry only with the help of European models.

Of his lovely and very early *Preludes*, which have always seemed evocative of the rundown glamour of London and Paris, Ricks's edition of the Notebook versions shows that "Prelude I" ("The winter evening settles down / With smell of steaks in passage ways.") was titled originally "Prelude in Dorchester (Houses)," while both "Prelude II" ("The morning comes to consciousness / Of faint stale smells of beer") and "Prelude III" ("You tossed a blanket from the bed,") were titled "Prelude in Roxbury." Even before his first visit to Europe in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1910, Eliot was seeing his native cityscapes through Laforgue and Baudelaire. "Without Baudelaire, Corbière, Verlaine, Laforgue, Mallarmé, Rimbaud—I should not have been able to write poetry at all," he said in 1933. And, in 1940, he pronounced that the kind of poetry he needed "to teach me the use of my own voice, did not exist in English at all." He was doubtless thinking of the "Preludes," "Rhapsody on a Windy Night" and some of the passages written in the period 1909-10 that found their way into "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," when he made the admission in 1950, in his essay "What Dante Means to Me," that from these French poets, among other European writers, "I learned that the sort of material I had, the sort of experience an adolescent has had in an industrial city in America, could be the material for poetry; and that the source of the new poetry might be found in what had been regarded hitherto as the impossible, the sterile, the intractably unpoetic."

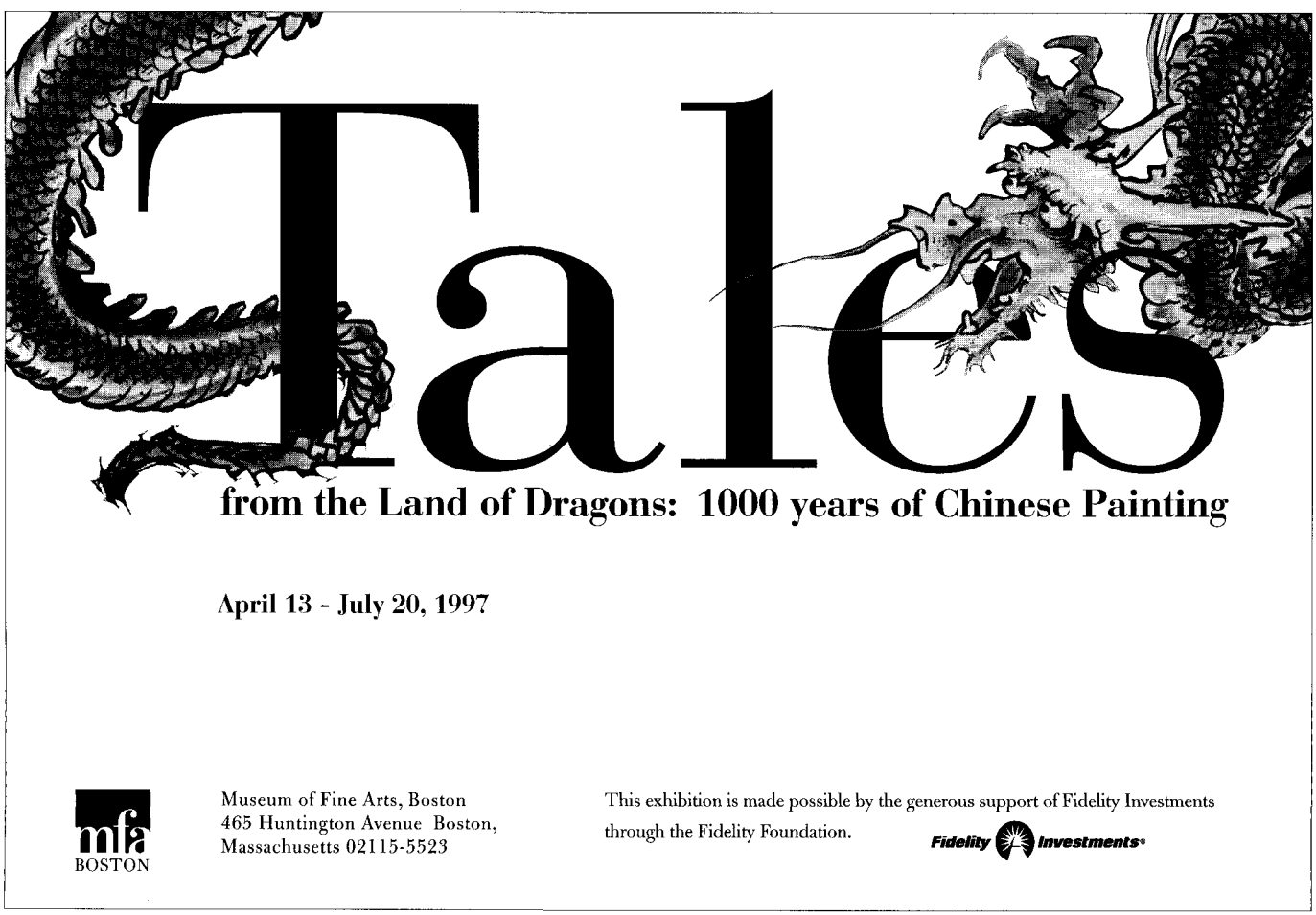
The "unpoetic" might include "the yellow fog" of St. Louis that in "Prufrock," as well as in the second of the Notebook poems, "First Caprice in North Cambridge," "rubs its back upon the window-panes," and the seascapes of his Cape Ann boyhood that begin to appear as early as the Notebook poem "Embarquement pour Cythère," where he mocks his "language nautical, complete." He is already aware of the perils and the power of the sea that will manifest themselves metaphorically in "Gerontion," the "Death by Water" section of *The Waste Land*, "Ash Wednesday," "Marina" and of course "The Dry Salvages." And at every stage of his poetic career, Eliot returns to a haunting image from childhood that includes a passageway, footsteps along it, a garden, a small door, the sound beyond the door of children's voices and of some elusive presence of a girl or a woman.

This recurrence deserves a closer look, but it should be mentioned that it existed first outside the poetry, in a childhood experience Eliot described, in a talk at the Mary Institute, in his old neighborhood in St. Louis, in 1959. At 71, he recalls that the schoolyard of the Mary Institute "abutted on my father's property," and goes on:

> There was at the front of our house a sort of picket fence which divided our front yard from the schoolyard. This picket fence merged a little later into a high brick wall which concealed our back garden and also concealed the schoolyard from our back garden. There was a door in the wall and there was a key in the door. Now when the young ladies had left the school in the afternoon and at the end of the week, I had access to the schoolyard and used it for my own purposes of play.... I remained extremely shy with girls. And, of course, when they were in the schoolyard I was always on the other side of the wall; and on one occasion I remember, when I ventured into the schoolyard a little too early when there were still a few on the premises and I saw them staring at me through a window, I took flight at once.

But while images from his American childhood are obviously compelling to his imagination, they don't themselves constitute poetry. Such images would yield some of their mysteries only to the extent that he could relocate them, time after time, and each time with some slight variation, from life to a recurring pattern of metaphors that draws upon the already composed but forever self-transforming life of great poetry.

It is in this light that Eliot's otherwise curious comments on tradition in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" in 1919 need to be understood. Tradition "cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour." Can any comparably ambitious French or English poet be imagined saying such a thing? His caution that "tradition" requires a lot of hard work, like the degree of allusiveness to which it gives birth, is meant to warn and to intimidate any reader who aspires to understand his poetry, particu-


Tales
from the Land of Dragons: 1000 years of Chinese Painting
April 13 - July 20, 1997
mfa
BOSTON
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
465 Huntington Avenue Boston,
Massachusetts 02115-5523
This exhibition is made possible by the generous support of Fidelity Investments through the Fidelity Foundation.
Fidelity Investments

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

larly any American reader. It is going to be hard work, Eliot is saying, but it might save your soul. Auden was to remark that no real European would think of tradition in this way; he would not need to "acquire by great labor" something he regarded as a birthright. Auden's perception had in fact already been anticipated by Eliot in an essay of 1918, "In Memory of Henry James," where he uses it to further exalt his own anticipated apotheosis as a great international poet: "It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become, not an Englishman, but a European—something which no born European, no person of any European nationality, can become."

Most of Eliot's self-promoting critical formulae, his famous pronouncements on tradition, impersonality, the objective correlative, difficulty and the allusiveness supposedly unique to modernist writing, were for several decades treated with ridiculous solemnity in the academy. This persisted even after Eliot himself, when it served his purpose, disavowed many of them. The pronouncements do deserve to be taken seriously, but only in the way that the language of poetry itself deserves to be, as so many adjustments of voice that allow the poet to turn freely in some other direction, including the opposite direction, if they begin to obstruct rather than to enable the reading that the poet wants to receive. Eliot was describing himself better than he knew when he originally wanted to call *The Waste Land*, borrowing a phrase from Dickens, "He Do the Police in Different Voices."

III.

In "The Frontiers of Criticism," a lecture that he delivered when he was 68 years old to an audience of over 14,000 at the University of Minnesota, Eliot warned against some of the very critical habits which he once helped promote, source-hunting and "the lemon squeezer school of criticism," and remarked, with that sort of deferential beg-your-pardon that is a sure sign of high vanity, that a "few notorious phrases" of his own "have had a truly embarrassing success in the world."

Eliot's use of the term "impersonality" or "depersonalization" has often been taken to mean that he intends to deny to his poetry anything confessional, personal and private—anything that might adulterate or raise questions about the poetry's greater historical and universal urgency. Here, too, he tries to redress a balance for which he was originally responsible. In her edition of the facsimile of the original drafts of *The Waste Land*, Valerie Eliot gives a prominent place to her husband's reported assertion that "various critics have done me the honour to interpret the poem in terms of criticism of the contemporary world, have considered it, indeed, as an important bit of social criticism. To me it was only the relief of a personal and wholly insignificant grouse against life; it is just a piece of rhythmical grumbling." These self-reversals and unpersuasively excessive recantations are themselves evidence that he was, as Edmund Wilson noticed earlier than most other critics, a deeply incoherent personality.

As Wilson put it, in a review of Eliot's *Poems 1909-1925*, his "real significance is less that of a prophet of European disintegration than of a poet of the American Puritan temperament." Wilson (along with I.A. Richards) was responding to the important, even obvious, fact that everywhere in Eliot's poetry there is to be felt an enormously powerful personal presence. However fragmented it might be, there is a self titanically struggling, before our eyes and ears, to put itself together. Eliot's "impersonality" is only a method of being personal. Indeed, for him, as for any poet of large artistic ambition, being personal means being a poet. It is not only a profession; it is also a way of being in the world, of placing yourself in its language.

Eliot says as much in writing not about himself but about Shakespeare. In "Tradition and the Individual Talent," he refers to "the struggle—which alone constitutes life for a poet—to transmute his personal and private agonies into something rich and strange, something universal and impersonal." Being personal obviously requires as much "great labor" as does the attainment of tradition. And it is the more difficult, since it is never possible to be sure that you have succeeded in being truly personal. In making the effort you are required to use words that are not originally your own, anyway that are by nature devious, that can betray you and not simply in the sense of revelation. In a particularly affecting moment in "East Coker," Eliot describes his personal dilemma as a forever poetic one:

> So here I am, in the middle way,
> having had twenty years—
> Twenty years largely wasted, the years of
> *l'entre deux guerres*—
> Trying to learn to use words, and every
> attempt
> Is a wholly new start, and a different kind
> of failure
> Because one has only learnt to get the
> better of words
> For the thing one no longer has to say,
> or the way in which
> One is no longer disposed to say it.

All poetry, to that degree, is "impersonal," because, as the not always ingratiating Sweeney repeatedly complains to Doris, in "Fragment of an Agon," "I've gotta use words when I talk to you." Poetry enriches itself on the imprecision of words. And it is the consequent varieties of interpretation that can be elicited by a poem that keeps it alive for many generations to come. In a radio broadcast in 1951, titled "Virgil and the Christian World," Eliot said:

> ... if the word—inspiration—is to have any meaning, it must mean just this, that the speaker or writer is uttering something which he does not wholly understand—or which he may even misinterpret when the inspiration has departed from him. This is certainly true of poetic inspiration: and there is a more obvious reason for admiring Isaiah as a poet than for claiming Virgil as a prophet. A poet may believe that he is expressing only his private experience; his lines may be for him only a means of talking about himself without giving himself away; yet for his readers what he has written may come to be an expression both of their own secret feelings and of the exultation or despair of a generation.

In his poems, Eliot is forever talking about his self in the hope only of getting closer to it, of seeing it anew in some different poetic context: "A poet," says Yeats in the opening sentence of "A General Introduction For My Work," "writes always of his personal life, in his finest work out of its tragedy, whatever it be, remorse, lost love, or mere loneliness; he never speaks directly as to someone at the breakfast table; there is always a phantasmagoria." Over time every great poet or novelist begins consciously to repeat himself, specifically to repeat certain metaphors that he cannot be done with, always with slight alterations. Just as he has taken pains to repeat other poets, or done so unwittingly, with inflections and modifications, so Eliot's later poetry is a self-echoing, an interpretation, a reading, a rewriting of his own earlier ones. And as in Yeats and Stevens, this often involves very direct citations of images that have preoccupied him from the beginning of his career.

After *The Waste Land*, Eliot's poetry is noticeably less pushy in its allusion to other poets, but correspondingly more allusive to his own. It is as if his own oeuvre has come to constitute in itself a tradition, a body of work that represents a pastness that is his own personal and literary past, and which contains a still bewildering and bewitching power over him. The value of Ricks's edition of these hitherto unpublished early poems is that for the first time it is possible to measure the full ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tent of this development in Eliot's writing.

One of his most revelatory repetitions has to do with the same images, which he referred to at the Mary Institute, that cluster about "the hyacinth girl." The figure, with that name now assigned to her, appears in the opening section of *The Waste Land*:

> 'You gave me Hyacinths first a year ago;
> 'They called me the hyacinth girl.'
> —Yet when we came back, late, from the
> hyacinth garden,
> Your arms full, and your hair wet,
> I could not
> Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
> Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
> Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

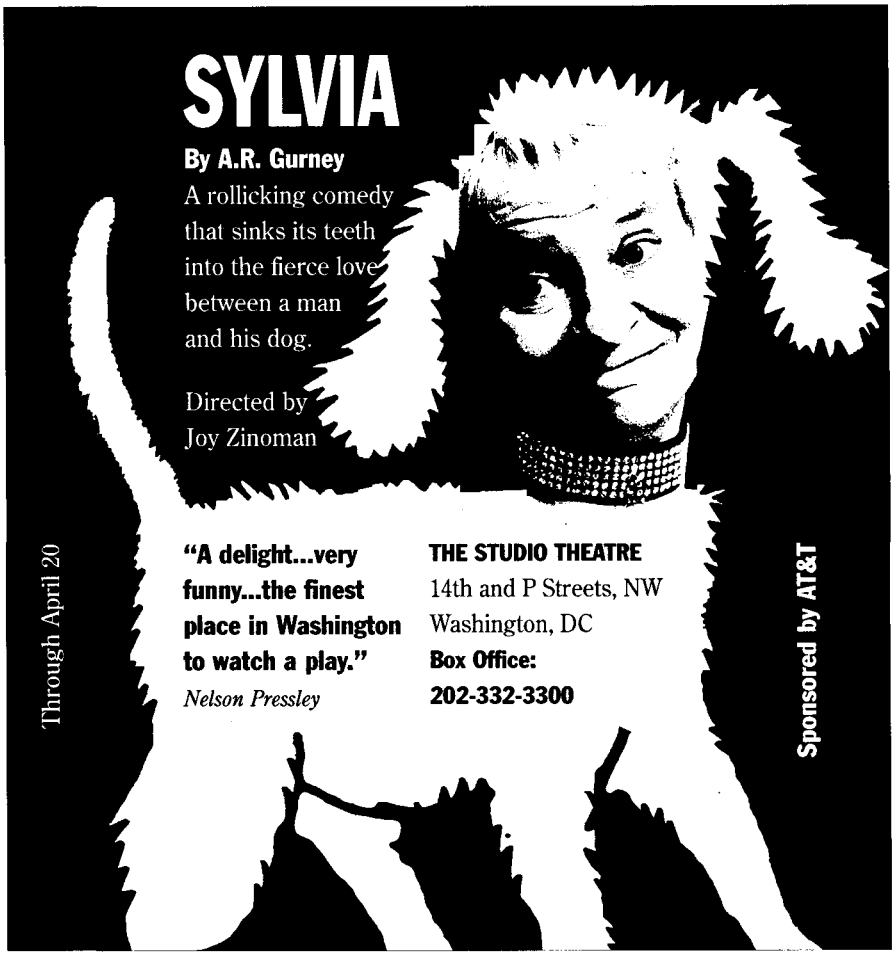
The phrase "the heart of light," a pointed reversal of Conrad's "the heart of darkness," marks a moment of ecstasy that is close to a departure from bodily life. A very poignant, personal moment was erased from *The Waste Land* when Eliot assented to Pound's cutting of a line in the next section of the poem. The cut is made from the heated marital exchange, in "A Game of Chess," that resembles what is reported to have gone on between Eliot and Vivienne. "Wonderful," she wrote, in the margin of the manuscript where the conversation occurs. To her mind-numbing question "Do / You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember / Nothing?," Eliot had allowed himself the ghostly answer "I remember / The hyacinth garden."

Traces of that garden are to be found throughout his poetry, even before the exquisite "La Figlia Che Piange." They make an appearance in the retrospectively haunting and untitled Notebook poem that is identified by its opening line:

> Hidden under the heron's wing
> Or the song before daybreak that the
> lotos-birds sing
> Evening whisper of stars together
> Oh my beloved what do you bring—
>
> With evening feet walking across the grass
> And fragile arms dividing the evening mist.
>
> I lie on the floor a bottle's broken glass
> To be swept away by the housemaid's
> crimson fist.

When a flesh and blood woman does manage to intrude into these goings on, why must she be said, as against the visionary woman with her "fragile arms," to have a "fist," and a "crimson" one at that? Disgust need not be the only alternative to decorporealized idealization.

Everywhere in Eliot, human sexuality is either displaced by "mist" or it is asso-


SYLVIA
By A.R. Gurney
A rollicking comedy that sinks its teeth into the fierce love between a man and his dog.
Directed by Joy Zinoman
Through April 20
"A delight...very funny...the finest place in Washington to watch a play."
Nelson Pressley
THE STUDIO THEATRE
14th and P Streets, NW
Washington, DC
Box Office:
202-332-3300
Sponsored by AT&T

Be prepared for life's little contingencies, with...

Gentleman's Pocket Knife (GPK)

3 (Yes, three!) for only $14.95*

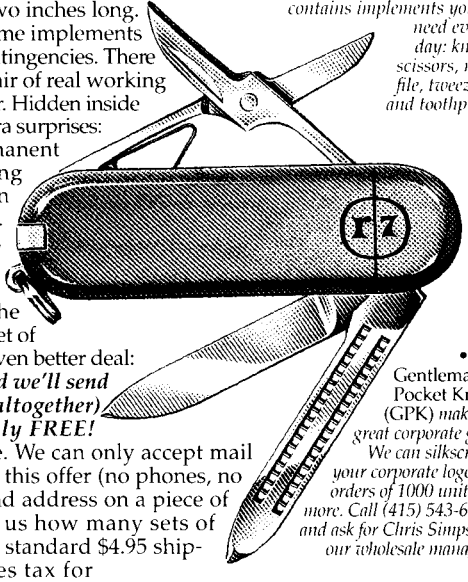
***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

This nifty little knife is just over two inches long. Yet, in its small body it carries some implements that'll come in handy in life's little contingencies. There is the knife blade, of course; then a pair of real working scissors; and a handy nail file/groomer. Hidden inside (just pull them out!) are a couple of extra surprises: a small pair of tweezers and a permanent "ivory"toothpick. The whole thing comes with a little ring so that you can put the *GPK* on your key chain.

We import these knives as a sales promotion and in very large quantities. That's why we are able to bring you this very handy accessory at the astonishing price of just $14.95 for a set of 3 (yes, three!) *GPKs*. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two sets (6 GPKs) for $29.90 and we'll send you a third set (making it 9 GPKs altogether) with our compliments—absolutely FREE!***

This is an offer you can't refuse. We can only accept mail orders, accompanied by check with this offer (no phones, no charge). Please write your name and address on a piece of paper, also write **Code C736.** Tell us how many sets of (3) *GPKs* you want and include our standard $4.95 shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day return privilege, in the unlikely case that you won't be fully pleased! We do not refund postage. Take advantage of this unique sales promotion offer. You are getting a great deal and you'll be delighted. Mail to: → 185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

•The GPK is fashioned after the officers knife of a renowned European army. It contains implements you'll need every day: knife, scissors, nail file, tweezers and toothpick.



•The Gentleman's Pocket Knife (GPK) makes a great corporate gift. We can silkscreen your corporate logo on orders of 1000 units or more. Call (415) 543-6675 and ask for Chris Simpson, our wholesale manager.

since 1967

haverhills®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciated with violence, pain and animality. In the early poems the disgust is unabashed and lurid, showing the dark side of the adolescent bawdiness of the Bolo poems. The results can be startlingly graphic, given what one had learned to expect of the prematurely "aged eagle." In one of his relatively becalmed states, as in the poem "Opera," which is about a performance in Boston of *Tristan und Isolde*, he portrays himself as "the ghost of youth / At the undertaker's ball." But on other occasions he is busy keeping the undertaker in business. After giving himself a preliminary flogging in "The Love Song of St. Sebastian" at the foot of the stairs to his lady's bedroom, he is ready to mount, assured that now she "would take me in / Because I was hideous in your sight." He then assures himself of his love for her by strangling her: "And I should love you the more because I had mangled you / And because you were no longer beautiful / To anyone but me." In "First Debate between the Body and Soul" he writes of "Masturbations," "Defecations" and "The withered leaves / Of our sensations."

Along the same lines is the weird little poem "Ode," the only poem that Eliot published in a volume which he did not also collect. It is a chilling poem:

> When the bridegroom smoothed his hair
> There was blood upon the bed.
> Morning was already late.
> Children singing in the orchard
> (Io Hymen, Hymenæe)
> Succuba eviscerate.
>
> Tortuous.

Besides her many other disorders, Vivienne was plagued by menstrual problems; and it was Eliot's habit to smooth his hair. The young man here, exhibiting some of Eliot's own obsessions with the decorum of personal appearance, might remind us of the Pateresque young artist in Joyce's *Portrait*, who describes himself as foolishly trying "to build a breakwater of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and ... the powerful recurrences of the tide within him." Another version of this figure in Eliot's earliest poetry is the "mandarin," a figure who aspires to be "the center of formalities." And this in turn might refer us to Eliot's many evocations of Coriolanus. These begin early on, including an easily missed one in the aforementioned "Ode."

Since "Ode" counts as a previously published poem, it is in a category of the Notebook poems that Ricks does not annotate. Thus he doesn't comment on the importance of the epigraph to "Ode," included with the first (and before now, the only) publication of the poem. It is Coriolanus addressing his enemies: "To you particularly, and to all the Volscians / Great hurt and mischief." Eliot's intense interest in *Coriolanus* made him a frequent listener to borrowed recordings of Beethoven's *Coriolan Overture* and is clear from his many references in his criticism to Shakespeare's play.

Coriolanus is depicted in the play as a great warrior and a great mother's boy. Of his exploits, the First Citizen remarks that "he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud." He is a man of prowess, and he is an emotionally crippled child. And like the inwardly despairing bridegroom smoothing his hair, the hero-dictator in each of the two parts of Eliot's "Coriolan," written in the year after his adored mother's death in September 1929, also carefully contrives a public image of control and imperturbability. All the while, like the figure in "Hidden under the heron's wing," he secretly yearns for oblivion, a sort of death in life, a suspension of all desire, especially as it may involve others, and even if they ask no more than to give him power and adulation.

In expressing this, the poetry achieves a distanced, inquisitive focus, as if in emulation of the staring crowd, except that suddenly it reveals the public image to be in part a reflection of the man's benumbed remoteness from what he publicly represents and from his deepest emotions:

> There is no interrogation in his eyes
> Or in his hands, quiet over the horse's
> neck,
> And the eyes watchful, waiting, perceiving,
> indifferent.
> O hidden under the dove's wing, hidden in
> the turtle's breast,
> Under the palmtree at noon, under the
> running water
> At the still point of the turning world.
> O hidden.

Among other things, what is hidden is the terrifying suspicion that there is nothing to hide. There is only a yearning for something that cannot in this life find for itself any "objective correlative," to use Eliot's term for what he found lacking in *Hamlet*, another play about a mother-obsessed hero.

Of only one love other than the love of God is it sometimes said that it surpasseth understanding. This is the love of a mother for a child to whom she has given birth. The disabling consequences of this consuming love is a fate that has exercised great poets from Whitman to Lawrence to Stevens. Eliot was nearly always contemptuous of Lawrence's writing, but he is reported to have said to undergraduates at Harvard—this, again, was after the death of his mother in 1929—that Lawrence, in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, had written better than any psychologist about possessive maternal love, of how it might assist in a son's intellectual development while preventing him from entering into any reciprocal and full relationship with another woman.

Such an unconditional love led, instead, to the idealization of spiritual relationships with more or less desexualized substitutes. And the substitute may be the mother herself, or "Mother," as Eliot calls out to her in "Ash Wednesday." Pictured in the familiar context of visions, gardens and roses, she is there given the physicality of an actual mother, "Exhausted and life-giving," and is associated with the Virgin Mother, who also had a powerful son with a hidden side. Jesus, for Lawrence, as for Emerson, was representative less of victory than of defeat. "He did well," Emerson writes of him in his journals in 1842; and yet "this great Defeat is hitherto the highest fate we have. But he that shall come shall do better. The mind requires a far higher exhibition of character, one which shall make itself good to the senses as well as to the soul; a success to the senses as well as to the soul."

Eliot's visionary woman-mother in "Ash Wednesday" is again in that garden that Eliot will not enter. It is she who makes all physical love, when it is unconsummated and particularly when it is consummated, into a "torment":

> The single Rose
> Is now the Garden
> Where all loves end
> Terminate torment
> Of love unsatisfied
> The greater torment
> Of love satisfied....

The most beautifully articulated moment of calling out to "mother" occurs in "Difficulties of a Statesman," the second of the Coriolan poems, which Eliot wrote in close proximity to "Ash Wednesday." Here, in the evocations of family heritage, and with a self-identifying reference to Eliot's prominent nose, the poet, who has by now acquired some of the authority and the power equivalent to the man in the poem, seems directly, and in magnificent Whitmanian cadences, to address his own recently dead parent:

> What shall I cry?
> Mother mother
> Here is the row of family portraits,
> dingy busts, all looking remarkably
> Roman,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remarkably like each other, lit up
successively by the flare
Of a sweaty torchbearer, yawning.
O hidden under the ...
Hidden under the ...
Where the dove's foot rested and locked
for a moment,
A still moment, repose of noon, set under
the upper branches of noon's widest tree
Under the breast feather stirred by the
small wind after noon
There the cyclamen spreads its wings, there
the clematis droops over the lintel,
O mother (not among these busts, all
correctly inscribed)
I a tired head among these heads
Necks strong to bear them
Noses strong to break the wind
Mother
May we not be some time, almost now,
together,
If the mactations, immolations, oblations,
impetrations,
Are now observed
May we not be
O hidden
Hidden in the stillness of noon, in the
silent croaking night.
Come with the sweep of the little bat's
wing, with the small flare of the firefly
or lightning bug,
'Rising and falling, crowned with dust,'
the small creatures,
The small creatures chirp thinly through
the dust, through the night.
O mother
What shall I cry?
We demand a committee, a representative
committee, a committee of investigation
RESIGN RESIGN RESIGN

The complex interplay here of allusions and echoes that reach back to Eliot's earliest Notebook poems—the "hidden" and barely articulable, the gardens, the mothers, the emotionally fragile authorities—these repeated figurations are a poetic representation, in the word patterns of his poetry, of a lifelong effort. It was an effort at conversion. Poetic conversion was Eliot's subject before, and also after, his conversion to the Church of England. His poetic turnings and tropings, initially of the poetry of the past and then increasingly of his own earlier poetry, were attempts to bring into a sort of focus something forever hidden from him in his own past and in the literary past, the past of words themselves.

When Eliot writes, in "East Coker" in 1940, that "The poetry does not matter," he can be taken to mean that any finished poem, any body of work, matters less than the effort that goes into the making of it, this effort at conversion, this "intolerable wrestle / With words and meanings." And in "Burnt Norton," written five years earlier, the reader is being solicited to partake of this activity of conversion. Eliot can now assume that we are reading his lines the way he is writing them, that we are hearing the echoes that reverberate back to his earliest poetry. So much so that he allows the passageways and the gardens, the old visionary equipment of the beginning of his struggle, to become also metaphors for passages of poetry, for poetic feet and poetic echoes:

What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

RICHARD POIRIER is the editor of *Raritan Quarterly* and a director of The Library of America.

Unmarooned

BY CARYL PHILLIPS

Texaco
by Patrick Chamoiseau
translated by Rose-Myriam Réjouis and Val Vinokurov

(Pantheon, 401 pp., $27)

In an essay called "Beyond Despair," Aharon Appelfeld reminds us that "by its very nature, art constantly challenges the process by which the individual person is reduced to anonymity." For the people of the African diaspora, art, particularly the art of the story, has been of primary importance. The physical and psychological horrors of the middle passage, and the subsequent descent into slavery, were compounded by the attempt on the part of the colonial masters to strip those of African origin of any connection to a remembered past. This accounts for the importance of the theme of memory in the storytelling tradition of the African diaspora. As the Yoruba say, the river that doesn't know its own source soon dries up.

All such attempts to remember are subject, however, to the scrutiny of the "European" man of the Americas, who can think of nothing more pitiable than a man without a past. After all, his knowledge of his past is the thing he most cherishes in his New World sojourn, whether he is a man of the Dominican Republic who celebrates his connection to Spain, or a Dutchman in Surinam who professes to know The Hague better than his own country, or indeed a whole range of citizens of the United States who are anxious to hyphenate their identity (Irish-American, Italian-American, Swedish-American) so that they don't fall off the continental shelf and into the void of anonymity. When the people of the African diaspora attempt to reclaim their past, they risk being viewed by the formerly "European" as either foolish, as in the case of Marcus Garvey, or willfully nostalgic, as in the case of Alex Haley, or as unnecessarily fussy, as in the case of those who now insist upon describing themselves as African Americans as opposed to black Americans, colored Americans or Negroes.

The African people of the Caribbean face problems of identity that are different from those that trouble their northern cousins in the United States. Owing to the unique nature of the colonizing process in the region, the African people who populate the mainland and the islands of the Caribbean have had to learn to view themselves in a variety of what Milan Kundera describes as "mediating contexts." There is, for a start, the European context, irrespective of whether the colonizing country is Britain, France, Spain or Holland. Then there is the context of the amputated past of Africa, which is tainted with loss, misunderstanding and a certain shame. And finally there is the context of the new world of the Americas, which includes not only the neighboring islands and territories, but also, in this century especially, the ever-widening shadow of the United States.

In the formerly British possessions, the mediating context of Britain is fast disappearing, as political independence has been granted to these once lucrative sugar islands. As they attempt now to steer a course of their own, the islands are coming to understand that their close relationship to Britain is truly a thing of the past, and that geographical proximity to (and cable television from) the United States has made this country the dominant political and cultural influence.

This is not the case with the French

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like what you're reading?

The New Republic
is just one of the more than 2,000 great titles you can find—for free!—on the Electronic Newsstand

✳

The Electronic Newsstand is the Ultimate Magazine Site.

✳

"A brilliant use of Web technology." — Excite

✳

"A one stop Internet source" — Magellan

✳

"A must for media junkies" — Yahoo! Internet Life

✳

Come browse the Newsstand at http://www.enews.com/

✳

Caribbean islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe. A flight to Paris from either of these territories is a domestic flight, for these "departments" are essentially France. A visitor to the French islands from any of the neighboring English-speaking territories cannot help but be struck by the modern facilities, the fine roads and bridges, the essentially First World ambience. Martinique and Guadeloupe do not need to see themselves in the context of Europe, for they enjoy the illusion that they *are* Europe.

The novelist Edouard Glissant has suggested that there is no cultural or psychological hinterland (*arrière-pays*) into which the African people of the small islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe can flee from the overbearingly French influence. Yet on the larger, less claustrophobic islands such as Jamaica, or on the "French" island of Haiti, this psychological hinterland was not only spiritually possible, it was also physically represented by the ability to retreat into the hills and to establish an African alternative to the European cultures. The people of Martinique and Guadeloupe have no such luxury of identity. They are forced continually to develop something new and different out of their "European" circumstances so that they might keep reaffirming and replenishing the connection with their African past. To do nothing would be to submit to the colonial assimilationist system that disempowers African people culturally even as it rewards them materially as French citizens. In *The Middle Passage* in 1962, V.S. Naipaul referred to this as "the French colonial monkey-game."

The French Caribbean literary movement of the late 1930s and 1940s, the one that came to be known as "negritude," was born out of the desire of those of African origin to avoid the fate of being reduced to the anonymity of Frenchmen. The man who coined the term "negritude," and became the undisputed leader of both Martinican literature and politics, was the poet Aimé Césaire. According to André Breton, Césaire's narrative poem *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal* (1939) was "the greatest lyrical monument of our age." Césaire was also one of the editors of the journal *Tropiques*, which brought out nine issues between 1941 and 1945. A hugely influential review, it established the foundations of the Martinican cultural renaissance that flourished in the years during and immediately following the Second World War. The importance of storytelling, particularly in the form of folktales, was not lost on Césaire and his followers, for they recognized that much of their African history was contained in this oral material.

Naturally enough, the folktales had survived in French "Creole," which remains the spoken language for a large number of people on Martinique and Guadeloupe. Creole languages—a fusion of European and African languages—developed on the slave plantations throughout the Caribbean region as a linguistic means by which the slaves could communicate with each other in this new world while preserving some words and phrases from the old one. By speaking in this mode, they were often able to disguise their intentions, and at the same time to remind themselves that they had not yet yielded their identity. The evidence of the general process of creolization—this synthesis of that which was African with that which was European to produce something new in skin coloration, music, food and literature—can be seen throughout wide tracts of the Americas, from New Orleans down to Brazil. In such Creole cultures, one can always detect both the influence of the colonizer and the strength of the colonized.

The "negritude" movement celebrated the creativity of creolization, and pointed to the importance of the Creole folktale. But things got still more complicated. These writers decided that, while it would be legitimate to recite these tales in the Creole language in which they had been conceived, they could be committed to paper after they had been "translated" into French. To write in Creole would be nonsensical, for, according to the Césaire faction, Creole was not formally a language. But French was most certainly a language; it was *the* language. The embracing of folktales gave the followers of Césaire's movement the opportunity to be modernists in the French tradition *and* revolutionaries in their own culture, by virtue of this affirmation of their own native art form; but the revolutionary bugle ceased to sound as soon as the question of tampering with the French connection became an issue. "Negritude," although clear in its desire to promote the idea of an African past, stopped well short of proposing the severance of links with France, political or otherwise.

This reluctance to break clean away from the metropolitan center won the movement as many critics as it did supporters. One such critic was Glissant, who preferred to view himself within the specific framework of the French Caribbean, and resisted what he viewed as the somewhat obsequious gestures toward Paris that Césaire and others seemed only too keen to indulge in. During the past decade there has been a rebirth of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literary activity in the French Caribbean region, which has witnessed both the reappearance of journals in the general tradition of *Tropiques* and the publication of a spate of novels and theoretical essays by a wide range of writers. The most prominent among these new writers is Patrick Chamoiseau, for whom the Creole language and the role of the Creole storyteller in the narrative tradition are the central concerns of his work.

Chamoiseau was born in Fort-de-France, Martinique, in 1953, and grew up and was educated in the department. He is the author of a collection of Creole folktales; three novels, including *Texaco* (1992), which won the Prix Goncourt; two volumes of autobiographical writing, *Antan d'enfance* (1990) and *Chemin d'école* (1994); and two volumes of "theory," *Eloge de la Créolité* (1989) with Raphaël Confiant and Jean Bernabe, and *Lettres Créoles* (1991) with Raphaël Confiant. *Lettres Créoles* begins by describing the dynamics of French colonization, and it chronicles the manner in which the "cries" and the "silence" of the African oppressed eventually evolved into the Creole folktales told by "the storyteller." The book develops into a full-scale investigation of the emergence of a written literature, in both French and Creole, between 1635 and 1975, and a critical evaluation of the contribution of this literature to the general creolization of the French Caribbean.

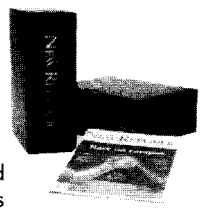
As one might imagine, Chamoiseau the literary theorist seeks to practice what he preaches when he turns to writing fiction. As a writer, he consciously associates himself with the man on the plantation who, after the white master has gone to sleep, creeps out into the night and begins to tell tales. Chamoiseau the novelist is trying to make the oral (Creole) tradition of stories associated with Africa and slavery accessible to the written page, and at the same time he is trying to re-establish the central importance of the figure of the storyteller in the narrative life of the French Caribbean. As he observed in 1988, in an essay called "*Les Contes de la survie*": "Our stories and storytellers date from the period of slavery and colonialism. Their deepest meanings can be discerned only in reference to this fundamental epoch of French West Indian history. Our storyteller is the spokesman of a fettered, famished people, living in fear and in the various postures of survival."

Texaco spans the years 1823 to 1980, and it is divided into four "epochs," which represent the "African" Martinican building materials of the period: straw, crate wood, asbestos and concrete. The novel opens in the city of Saint-Pierre, the old cultural capital of the island, which was destroyed by a volcanic eruption in 1902. The location shifts to a place called Texaco, a classic shantytown of the African diaspora, peopled by former plantation slaves who are searching for urban employment. The township is located in the capital, Fort-de-France, near a petrochemical installation that is owned by the Texaco company. Texaco is considered an eyesore and an embarrassment by the authorities who wish to evict the "squatters" and to raze the place.

Chamoiseau situates himself as the recorder of the memories of Marie-Sophie Laborieux, a Creole woman largely responsible for the creation of the township. Utilizing a playful, witty device that is a part of the folklore tradition, the author is variously addressed by Marie-Sophie as "the Word Scratcher" (*le Marqueur de paroles*) or "Oiseau de Cham." Marie-Sophie recalls over a century and a half of her island's history, beginning with the story of her father, Esternome, all the while weaving into the fabric of her story the central events of Martinican history, including the abolition of slavery in 1848, the Vichy period during the Second World War, and De Gaulle's visit in 1964 to the island. At various times the novel introduces excerpts from Marie-Sophie's notebooks, Chamoiseau's letters to his "Source" (Marie-Sophie) and a government official's notes to "the Word Scratcher." Marie-Sophie struggles against the *béké* (white Frenchman born in the colonies) who owns the land, but eventually she triumphs and saves Texaco, extracting from the authorities the promise of decent roads and electricity for the township.

There are two refracting panes through which one can view this novel. There is the pane of allegory, as Chamoiseau demonstrates a great loyalty to the superstitions and the ancestral voices of those of African origin whose stories, beliefs and myths underpin the narrative framework. And there is the pane of language, as the author seeks to make something new out of the distinct languages. Joined together, the allegorical and the linguistic at times mystify the reader. Moreover, as the novel continually unfolds in a seemingly random fashion, one begins to search with increasing vigor for structural clues regarding closure. But Chamoiseau never promised a conventional narrative. In fact, in the introduction to his collection called *Creole Folktales* (1995), he reminds us that conventionality is the last thing we should anticipate from him: "I did not try to strip the tales you are about to read of all their mystery, nor did I append a

PROTECT YOUR COPIES OF THE NEW REPUBLIC



These custom-made titled cases are ideal to protect your valuable copies of The New Republic from damage. They're designed to hold a year's issues (may vary with issue sizes), constructed with reinforced board, and covered with durable leather-like material in flag blue. Title is hot-stamped in silver and cases are V-notched for easy access.

1—$8.95 3—$24.95 6—$45.95

The New Republic
Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. 95TNR
499 East Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

Enclosed is $_____ for ___ cases. Add $1.50 per case for postage and handling. Outside USA $3.50 per case (US funds only). PA residents add 7% sales tax.

Please Print

Name _____

Address _____

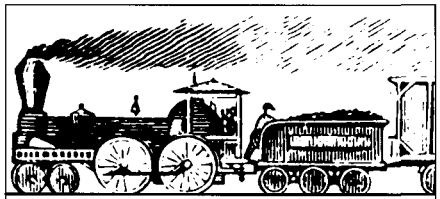
(No P.O. Box Numbers Please)

City _____ State ___ Zip ____

CHARGE ORDERS (Minimum $15): AmEx, Visa, MC, DC accepted. Send card name, #, Exp. date.

Call Toll Free 7 days, 24 hrs, 1-800-825-6690

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery



MOVING?

Don't forget to let us know so you won't miss a single issue of **THE NEW REPUBLIC.**

Just attach your old address label in the first space provided and write your new address in the second space reserved below.

Old Address (Affix label from this issue.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New Address

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
PO Box 37298
Boone, IA 50037-0298

Allow 4-6 weeks for change of address to go into effect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glossary. Allow the strange words to work their secret magic, and above all, read these stories only at night."

Chamoiseau is a follower of Glissant's theories of *marronage*, which hold that the runaway slave who opposes the system is the archetypal Caribbean folk-hero. And yet, as I have noted, on these small islands the "maroon" can never truly escape and take to the hills and form self-determining, fully independent communities. The small-island rebel must remain, to some extent, dependent upon the plantation for food, women and friends. Out of this complex, ambivalent relationship to the power structure, the only way to resist and to affirm identity is to work with the system and against it at the same time, to undermine it from the inside and the outside.

What writers such as Patrick Chamoiseau, Raphaël Confiant, Daniel Maximin and others are proposing is that this act of *le petit marronage* involves more than the "embracing of the amputated history" of Africa that was crucial for the avatars of "negritude," and it involves more than a Glissant-inspired refocusing on French Caribbean history. The act of literary *petit marronage* involves nothing less than the restructuring of the French language. The revolutionary theories about the world of what Chamoiseau describes as "Créolité" advance the idea that French Caribbean national identity will be properly forged and preserved only by means of a balance of memory and language.

Being bilingual, the French Caribbean has traditionally offered its writers two options. The writer may produce a novel in polished French, perhaps adopting some Creole for the dialogue, to give a flavor of the region; this is the option favored by mainstream writers such as Maryse Condé or Simone Schwartz-Bart. Or the writer may choose to fully utilize Creole, as Raphaël Confiant has done. By embarking upon this latter project, however, the writer risks losing a large part of his or her "metropolitan" readership, and perhaps local readers, too.

It is the achievement of Patrick Chamoiseau to have provided a third option. He moves fluidly between both languages, within paragraphs, within sentences even, and thereby forges a new "French" language out of the two, exploiting the space between the languages, developing illicit and unexpected fusions. They are oppositional and inclusive, for they depend upon a profound understanding of both French and Creole. And implicit in Chamoiseau's way is a full acknowledgment of the power of language. Marie-Sophie's notebooks refer to this idea: "With their words, they would say: *l'esclavage*, slavery. But we would only hear *l'estravaille*, travail. When they found out and began to say *Lestravaille*, to speak closer to us, we'd already cut the word down to *travail*, the idea of plain toil ... ha ha ha, Sophie, the word cut across like a weapon...."

Chamoiseau first demonstrated his new linguistic strategy in *Solibo Magnifique* (1988), the novel that preceded *Texaco*. The action begins in a square in Fort-de-France, where we find the central character, Solibo, talking to some people, among them the author. Suddenly Solibo drops dead. The police are called to investigate, two suspects die under torture and ultimately the cause of death remains a mystery. The conclusion of the novel is a narrative stream that flows without punctuation and recounts what Solibo was saying when he died. We "hear" Solibo's words; but this is written literature, not oral literature, and Chamoiseau is a writer. His task is to not only make his cultural and political point about language and the role of the storyteller, it is also to convince us that he has found a style that is faithful to the oral tradition. His narrator-hero reminds him of this problem: "Solibo the Magnificent used to say to me: Cham Bird, you're a writer. O.k. Me, Solibo, I'm a talker. Do you see the distance between the two?... I'm going away, but you, you'll stay behind. I was a talker, but you write, telling people that you come from speech. You shake hands with me across the distance. That's fine, but the distance remains...."

That distance, and the traversal of it, is Chamoiseau's method of addressing the problems of language and narrative, and it makes him a unique figure in French Caribbean literature. Chamoiseau's storyteller talks directly to the reader, insulting him, cajoling him, teasing him. He holds on to a rope that is looped through a ring in the reader's nose and he confidently leads him down an unpaved narrative highway. In the late nineteenth century, storyteller-writers stopped talking directly to readers. Sometime in the early twentieth century, such figures disappeared altogether, and abandoned their stories to the unchecked consciousness of their fictional characters. Whatever one may think of Chamoiseau's "revolutionary" intentions, or the wisdom of his dropping a depth-charge into the heart of the French language, it is clear that this writer has not returned empty-handed to the oral tradition of Creole folktales. He has returned with the full armory of world literature, and a comprehensive knowledge of what has happened to the form of the novel in the twentieth century.

Chamoiseau is "postmodern" only in the sense that the techniques of modernism have provided him with the wherewithal for the creation of "oral" novels such as *Solibo Magnifique* and *Texaco*. On closer examination, it is clear that both Joyce and Faulkner have shown him how to allow language to flow unchecked so that it smashes the narrative mold and overflows into something disturbing and new—into something neither "written" nor "spoken," but identifiable as both. And among his contemporaries, one cannot help but note the similarities in his writing to the work of Salman Rushdie. Like Rushdie, he has an ancestor named William Makepeace Thackeray. And like Rushdie, he tells the history of his people in great polyphonic rushes of words and ideas, all the while reveling in name-play, punning, parenthetical asides, strange but effective metaphors and a highly effective penchant for affecting the stammering rhythms of speech.

> My first concern was to avenge my Esternome. In my mind (ejected from carefree youth), good Sir Lonyon was the source of the world's misery. He and his two Bosses carried the death of my Esternome on their shoulders. At the hour I found my Esternome lifeless I rushed to the coolie Silver Beak to seek revenge. Collapsing in his hutch, I howled like a Christmas pig, raking my lungs. The Quarter made a circle around my misery. They eyed my pain like a bad season. A few tried to take me elsewhere. I tore away from them to implore again at that inhuman door. Coolie Silver Beak was inside, but he didn't budge. They dragged me to my hutch where they attended to the body of my dear Esternome: bathing him, clothing, covering him with the ointments which best protect the body on that unknown journey.

Clearly Patrick Chamoiseau is as much a product of the library as he is of any shanty town named Texaco or any island named Martinique.

Chamoiseau's language is a literary construction. No Martinican would speak exactly as this writer writes. Chamoiseau knows this and acknowledges this. Solibo reminds him of it: "That's fine but the distance remains...." But the empirical basis of Chamoiseau's language matters little, for *Texaco* is an act of literary creation, not a pastiche of earlier forms or a documentary report. Chamoiseau's enduring accomplishment is to have stitched Creole into the heart of the French language and French into the heart of the Creole language, and to have encouraged a modal exchange that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is by turns subtle and alarming. Indeed, his work leaves one questioning the wisdom of Césaire's observation, in 1978, that "Creole cannot express abstract ideas; [it is] an exclusively spoken language." Well, apparently not. And Chamoiseau's work, particularly *Texaco*, is all the more remarkable given the traditional resilience of the French language to even the most minor of revisions. (Perhaps this is why hostile critics have denounced his language as *française-banane*.)

It is only proper, obviously, to honor the role of the translators, Rose-Myriam Réjouis and Val Vinokurov. Despite its huge success in France, and its international reputation, *Texaco* has taken five years to appear in English. This has been due in part to the difficulty of translating from two languages, the French and the Creole, and being faithful to the collage of meaning and counter-meaning in which Oiseau de Cham revels. But the diligence of the translators has been amply rewarded, for they have provided a wonderfully fluid text; and, by adding to Chamoiseau's own chronology and footnotes a glossary of French Creole terms, they have gone a long way toward resolving some of the many ambiguities of language in which this novel delights.

Patrick Chamoiseau has emerged at an important time in French Caribbean literature; or perhaps, as these things often happen, the emergence of Chamoiseau has made the time important. He has helped the writers and the intellectuals of the French Caribbean to recognize that the oral tradition is in mortal danger of being supplanted by the written tradition; that the world of Africa, in its creolized form, is continually in danger of being mediated to the margins by the world of France; that the Creole language, too, contains history and power, and that it, too, is in danger of being displaced by the polish of French. If these aspects of the "Créolité" universe are allowed to disappear, then all diasporan people of African origin will lose a little more of their identity.

It was Césaire who began this task of reclamation, and he was succeeded by Glissant. But it is Chamoiseau who is making the most audacious attempt at recovery. He has set out to rescue a tradition, to reconfigure language, and thereby to ensure that we continue to participate in that crucial act of memory.

> The sap of the plant becomes clear only once the roots have revealed their secret. To understand Texaco and our fathers' rush toward City, we'll have to go far, deep down my own family tree, for what I know of collective memory is only what I know of my own. Besides, my memory is only faithful when it tells the history of my old flesh.

A great *petit marron*, Chamoiseau has demonstrated to the African people of Martinique and Guadeloupe, and to everybody who considers the problems of identity with moral and literary seriousness, that the writer should always create himself and his people before anybody else creates them.

CARYL PHILLIPS's next novel, *The Nature of Blood*, will be published by Knopf.

TRB *continued from page 4*

the opposite of what it appeared to say.

What Clinton was really saying was that his administration would only oppose programs that discriminated in favor of preferred-group members and against whites and males when it could be proven that the discrimination was almost impossibly absolute: that it could not be justified in any way whatsoever; that the minority member was not merely less qualified than a competing white person but utterly "unqualified"; that the discriminatory program had to openly identify its target levels of minorities and women as "numerical quotas," instead of "goals and timetables," the euphemism under which quotas hide; that the discrimination to favor a preferred-group member over a white or male was not based decisively on race or sex, but "solely"; and that this decision did not give merit any weight at all. Thus, while defining those affirmative action programs which were unfair and unallowable, Clinton defined unfair and unallowable out of existence.

Led by Deval L. Patrick, the former head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, the administration has refined and built upon this foundation of casuistry. While feigning moderation, it has emerged as the primary defender of virtually any and all discriminatory programs, no matter how blatantly unfair.

In September 1994, for example, the Justice Department reversed its decision, made during the Bush administration, and threw its legal might against Sharon Taxman, a qualified white teacher in New Jersey who had been fired solely because of her skin color, and without regard to merit, in order to preserve the job of a black teacher. Or consider the case of Cheryl Hopwood, a young woman of modest means raised by a single mother, who sued the University of Texas Law School over race discrimination. During the trial, university officials testified that the school set aside roughly 15 percent of its openings for black and Mexican-American applicants, and that these preferred applicants were almost automatically admitted if they achieved scores substantially lower than the level at which many whites were rejected, including the plaintiffs. In March 1996, a federal appeals court ruled that the University of Texas's affirmative action program was illegal. Three weeks ago, the Clinton administration warned Texas officials who were under court orders to stop breaking the law that the government will shut off federal funds to the university system—unless the illegal programs continue.

The government cannot sustain and defend a policy of granting preference to one group of citizens over another, based on accidents of birth. A political philosophy that calls itself liberalism cannot be a traducer of equality. *Here* is the breach that must be repaired.

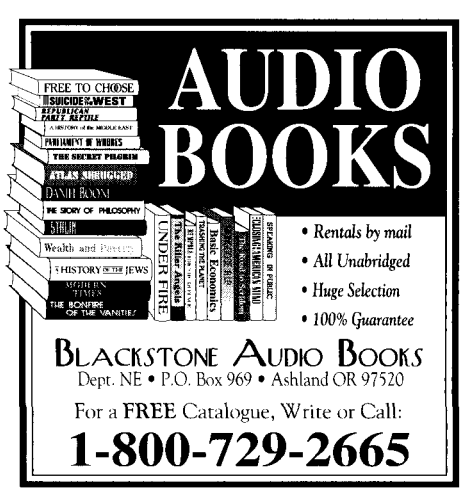
MICHAEL KELLY

You Will Not Taste Death
Jesus and Epicureanism

Despite close Epicurean friends, Cicero called Epicureanism the most dangerous of philosophies because it undermined the virtues basic to civilization; yet it most closely approaches a modern scientific world view. Two recently discovered documents: the *Gospel of Thomas* and the *Secret Gospel of Mark* interrelate with the skeletal chronicle underlying the *Gospel of Mark* to make credible the authenticity of *Thomas*' 113 sayings of Jesus and give them context. In these Jesus speaks from an Epicurean, not Judaic, stand. Author: Jack Hannah, 321 pp.pbk, $12 postpaid. FRANK PUBLISHING, 1816 Springmill Road, Mansfield, OH 44903-8907.

GOVERNMENT FORECLOSED HOMES FOR
pennies on $1. Delinquent Tax, Repo's, REO's. Your Area.

Call Toll Free: 1-800-898-4377
Ext. H-4377 for current listings



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

A broad deduction

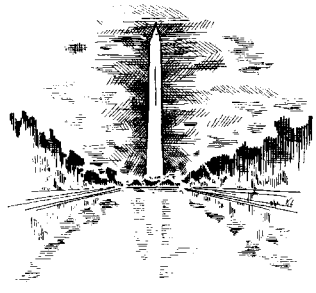
I BELIEVE, WITH ADMITTED PREJUdice, that all humans should be feminists, because feminism is humanism. At least according to the definition of humanism that I like: "culture derived from classical training and the cultivation of the polite branches of knowledge." That's from *Funk & Wagnalls New Standard English Dictionary* of what year I'm not sure (the copyright page is half-ripped away), but it must have been pretty long ago, because the latest example of a flying machine shown in pen and ink drawings that accompany the entry for "aviation" is the Fokker commercial airplane, 1932 model.

ACTUALLY, MY FAVORED DEFINItion for humanism is the secondary one offered by the late Funk and the late Wagnalls. The first is merely: "human nature; humanity." So, to be precise, I believe humanism is feminism only in the second sense; in the first sense, humanism is what you have apart from the influence of my sex: hominism, "human nature; humanity": man, not woman, in the raw. Which is to say belching, scratching, spitting, cursing, hitting and occasionally, just for the uncultivated hell of it, shooting, stabbing and busting in a head or two.

AS YOU MAY HAVE GATHERED, I AM annoyed. The reason is taxes: property taxes, income taxes, sales taxes, excise taxes, state taxes, federal taxes and payroll taxes. Every year when April 15 rolls around and I realize how much money I pay (and still somehow owe) the government, I become incensed. It's not that I don't believe in taxes; I'm a citizen, too. It's just that I'm always a little shocked to see, as the flowers bloom outside my window, all those wilting numbers.

IT IS PARTICULARLY AS A WOMAN—as a humanist in the secondary sense—that I get angry about taxes. I remember a few years ago reading an op-ed in *The New York Times* that called for a tax break for women. Most readers thought it was a cute little suggestion, I'm sure, and never gave it a second thought. Not me. I was struck immediately by the greatness of the idea, and I still am. The writer, if I remember correctly, claimed that women deserve a tax break because, among other things, they are less likely to urinate in the streets or hawk a great big gob of phlegm on the sidewalk. That's an argument with which we humanists, second sense, can identify. Once, walking to work in the tax-heavy, services-light, uncultivated men-rich nation's capital, I was hit on the forearm by a fellow taxpayer's errant lougie, ruining a $100, non-deductible, cotton sweater.

THE WRITER OF THAT ARTICLE pointed out, quite accurately, that women are less likely to commit a violent crime and, although women make up more than 50 percent of the population, only a small minority of women clog up our criminal defense system. In my nice and safe neighborhood in northwest Washington, there have been at least three rapes and one murder over the past few months. In each case, the victim was a woman and the perpetrator was a man. In the D.C. prison system, last year, nearly 95 percent of prisoners were men. And these men cost me: three years ago, District expenditures for public safety and justice hit the taxpayer for over $968 million.



IT'S NOT JUST PRISONERS THAT ARE supported by the revenues of the aggrieved sex. As a single woman living in D.C., I pay more on average for housing and transportation than a single man. The reason: I am forced to live in more secure neighborhoods and buildings. And secure neighborhoods and secure buildings don't come cheaply. A one-bedroom apartment in a secure building (we're not even talking a doorman building) in a fairly safe neighborhood rents for about $900 a month, whereas a one-bedroom apartment in a walk-up in a slightly dicey neighborhood rents for about $550. By my reckoning, that's $350 a month that the city extorts from me—a woman's survival tax.

EVEN WITH POTHOLES, THIS IS A lovely city, especially in the spring. And I'd prefer to walk to work or to a movie. But I am often obliged to take a taxi late at night, when men prowl. In D.C., the Metro stops around midnight, but the danger doesn't. Your choice is to walk home or take a cab. If I decide to take a chance and act as if I live in a just society and walk home, I am forced to look over my shoulder, scowling the shadows. I avoid foliage. Sometimes I leave the periphery of the sidewalk for the centrality of the street, where I might be hit by a car but will certainly be seen. But most of the time I just grab a cab, though three blocks can cost as much as $6.50. I do this four times a week, on average. That's a $26-a-week, $104-a-month, $1,248-a-year levy on a woman's will to live.

THE DISTRICT RECENTLY RECEIVED fairly high ratings as a place for professional women to live and work in a survey by the Institute for Women's Policy Research, as a place where women are competitive with men in terms of salaries. But there is still a discrepancy. Washington women on average earn 87.5 cents for every dollar a man makes (the average nationwide was only 68.5 cents). And while women in D.C. comprise over 60 percent of the workforce, only 43 percent occupy managerial or professional positions. Furthermore, women live on average five years longer than men—that's five additional years over which to stretch those retirement checks. And even if you were to exclude years spent childrearing, traditionally women are more likely than men to take time off from work to care for elderly family members. I'm not griping, but I wouldn't mind some compensation.

THE HOMEMAKER IRA BILL, COsponsored by Senators Kay Bailey Hutchison and Barbara Mikulski, took effect this year. The law provides a savings opportunity for married women living in single-earning households. This is absurd. The tax system already favors single-earning households. It even pressures women to give up their careers, as a new book by Edward J. McCaffery, a professor of law at the University of Southern California and the California Institute of Technology, points out.

HERE ARE SOME OTHER REASONS women need a rebate. A trim of my locks cost $45, whereas a man can get coiffed for $17 less at the same shop, and by the same person. A man's white cotton shirt costs ninety-nine cents to dry clean, whereas my white cotton shirt costs $3.50. And what about birth control? A sexually responsible woman pays at least $20 a month for oral contraception. Now a recent study shows that heterosexual women have become the fastest growing category of AIDS-related cases, but it is the woman who is expected to show moral maturity and shop for condoms.

ENOUGH. I HAVE MADE MY CASE. I seek to deduct my sex. You say you care about progressivity? Then give a single girl a break. A tax break.

SUSAN ELLINGWOOD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science itself has become an economic resource. Beyond new "hardware", there is global demand for the "software" of innovative ideas and concepts. Even countries lacking in natural or industrial wealth can achieve economic strength through scientific knowledge. ❧ Israel offers a dramatic example. Its economy increasingly relies on scientific and technological creativity as an internationally marketable product. ❧ In pursuit of intellectual curiosity, researchers at the Weizmann Institute of Science tackle many puzzles that at first may seem abstruse or impractical. But with surprising regularity, the unrestrained choices of basic science result in progress and prosperity. ❧ Theoretical mathematics at Weizmann led to coding systems undergirding TV transmission in many countries. In fields as diverse as medical electronics and desktop publishing, basic concepts emerged from Weizmann think tanks. New approaches to cancer ... new uses of solar energy ... new ways to shield the environment and raise food production ... all trace their origin to scientific imagination. ❧ Ideas like these enrich the world. ❧ Wherever researchers are engaged in adding to humanity's storehouse of scientific capital, they deserve support and encouragement from public and private sources.

The Weizmann Institute, founded in 1934, is a community of 2,400 scientists, engineers and scientists-in-training engaged in a full agenda of 850 research projects ranging from basic medical research in cancer, AIDS, neurosciences and children's diseases to chemistry, physics, agriculture, mathematics, computer science and the environment.

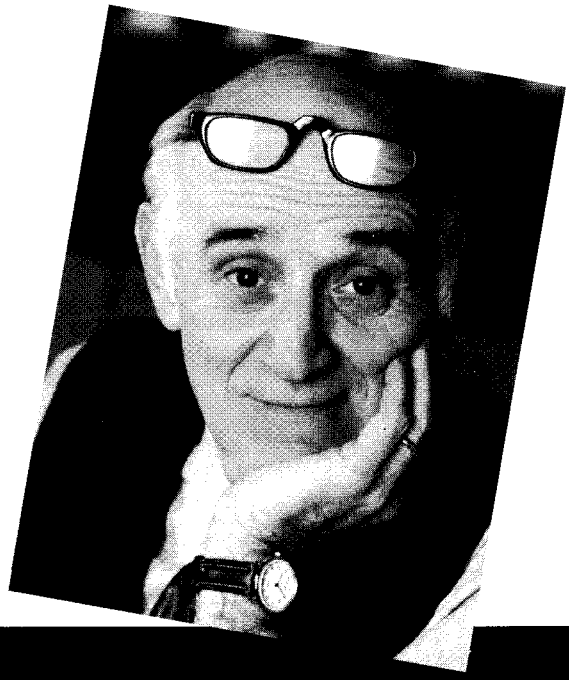
THE IDEA MARKET

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
51 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010 212/779-2500

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Never before in history have birth rates and fertility rates fallen so low for so long in so many places, all around the world."

—Ben Wattenberg



THE GRANDCHILD GAP

THE FIRST EPISODE OF TRENDS, A SERIES OF THINK TANK SPECIALS

A documentary look at a trend that affects business, the environment, feminism, immigration, social security, global politics, sex, children, parents, grandparents, and personal fulfillment.

PREMIERING

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1997

10:00 pm on PBS

(Check local listings)

Pfizer

Major funding provided by Pfizer Inc

Presented by Thirteen/WNET New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED